ANOTHER £1,000 FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED (See Inside)

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1208.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 6, 1913. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Do you want to be well and strong and hearty—fit to do your work, whatever it may be, without getting tired and fatigued? Here is a letter, dated April 3rd of this year, which points the way:

25 Charles Street, Luton, Beds.

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in writing and telling you what great benefit my mother has received in using your Cocoa. She has been a regular user of Vi-Cocoa for 14 years, and speaks very highly of it, as it is not only nice to taste, but has such good staying power. She says she can work several hours on two cups of your Vi-Cocoa where she could not work one on others. She has tried others but she cannot get on so well with them; she says she is sure it is Vi-Cocoa that keeps her up, as she is such a small eater, and does not seem to want the food when she has Vi-Cocoa. She is 74 years old, and quite well and strong for her age. I myself and family like your Vi-Cocoa very much, and think it is the best. My children know the taste from other Cocoas directly. I have given all sorts a trial, but yours beats all according to our liking. I am sure we wish your Vi-Cocoa every success, and we shall always recommend it to our friends. My mother's name is Mrs. Denton.

Yours truly, Mrs. BOSTON.

Can *you* say that about any other food or food-beverage you are taking? Won't you, for your own sake, for the sake of your family, try Vi-Cocoa for a little while at least? Prove its benefits for yourself. If you won't take our say-so, if you will hardly credit what thousands of other people say about Vi-Cocoa, you can trust your own experience. You are unfair to yourself if you do not take advantage of its benefits in health, strength, and endurance and all that goes to make work enjoyable and life worth living.

Don't Ask for Cocoa—ASK FOR

THE-TIN-YOU CON-TIN-UE.

Fry's "Of Unsurpassed Flavour."

PURE BREAKFAST **Cocoa**

4½d. per ¼lb. tin.

(The Yellow and Red Label.) "THE HIGHEST COCOA VALUE OBTAINABLE."

NO COUPONS—FULL VALUE IN THE COCOA.

THE QUEST OF THE SACRED SLIPPER.

A thrilling new series of stories of Eastern Magic and Mystery by

SAX ROHMER.

: : See : :

The September **NOVEL** Now Selling 4½d.

ALWAYS ASK FOR

ZIG-ZAG

BEST CIGARETTE PAPER

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for [illegible] and get fit by the standard, scientific [illegible] NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF [illegible] WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE [illegible] safe, simple. No stomach medicines [illegible] electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises [illegible] dietrules, no change of habits, less of time [illegible] but an assured restoration for all men [illegible] patients say. I send the book and [illegible] free in plain envelope for 2 stamps [illegible] this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 [illegible] London, W.C. Established 25 years.

I've found out where Mother hides the

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for children's bread
It saves the butter bill.

Make some delicious Laitova sandwiches to-day.

Your grocer sells it.
In Glass Jars: 6½d., 3½d., and 2d.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM Ltd.
Cornbrook, Manchester.

M 24

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 1208. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 6, 1913. ONE PENNY.

INVENTORS SNUBBED HERE.

Neither our War Office nor our Admiralty are Keen on New Ideas.

To snub the poor inventor is a tradition with the British War Office, and also, and possibly to an even greater degree, with the British Admiralty.

The case of the Dunne aeroplane affords the very latest example of this inveterate habit.

This particular type of heavier-than-air flying-machine was repeatedly offered to the War Office by its originator, who pointed out that it possessed unique advantages for military work, in that it was tailless and automatically stable.

This was in 1906, when flying was in its infancy. Had the War Office accepted Lieutenant Dunne's offer we should have led the world in the conquest of the air, instead of lagging far behind, as we undoubtedly did at the beginning.

In the end, as everyone now knows, the inventor was obliged, through lack of funds, to take his machine over to France, where it was eagerly seized upon by the military authorities, who realised, almost at a glance, its immense possibilities for army work, both as regards scouting and bomb-dropping.

Submarines? No, Thanks!

Then, again, the story of the submarine, as regards the British Navy, is very like the story of the aeroplane in relation to the British Army.

Just as Dunne offered the War Office an efficient flying-machine in those early days before even the Wright brothers had achieved fame, so Nordenfelt offered an efficient submarine boat to the British Admiralty so far back as 1883, when no other Power possessed any such adjuncts to its navy, or had even thought of constructing any.

But the Admiralty, true to its traditions, cold-shouldered the inventor, and although later he demonstrated the possibilities of his boat, first at Barrow and then in Southampton Water, it still refused to seriously entertain his proposals, which were in effect that he should be afforded facilities for building us a number of similar vessels in one of our dockyards.

As a result we were the last Naval Power—with one exception—to adopt the submarine.

Almost exactly the same thing happened in regard to our Admiralty when iron-clad ships first began to be seriously talked about.

The Wooden Walls of Old England.

The Sea Lords of those days, who had, without exception, served their time in the old three-decker line-of-battle ships, spoke lovingly amongst themselves of "the wooden walls of Old England," and pooh-poohed the idea of iron ever taking the place of oak.

Nor did they confine themselves to words. Letters are even now preserved in the Admiralty archives in which an inventor who, in 1859, advocated the plating of one of the new frigates then building with iron three inches thick was mercilessly snubbed for his pains. He was told that the weight of the armour would inevitably sink any ship so burdened, and that even if she did not founder she would be quite unmanageable in rough weather.

Yet, even then, the French were secretly building the *La Gloire*, plated with iron four inches thick, and the launching of which during the following year rendered obsolete, at once and for ever, the wooden navies of the world.

Two years later the superiority of the iron-clad was indisputably proved in real warfare, when the Confederate cruiser *Merrimac*, plated with nothing more formidable than old iron rails torn up from the nearest railway, engaged in Hampton Roads two of the biggest wooden line-of-battle ships in the United States Navy, the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, and sank them both with ease, herself sustaining no damage.

He Preaches in Kilts

THE Reverend L. Branford, of Islay, Scotland, is a cleric who habitually wears the kilt. In doing so he merely revives a custom which was once universal among the Highland clergy.

Up to about one hundred years ago the Highland priests not only wore the kilt on all occasions, but they had their own tartan, the main colour of which was dark blue. Further, the Highland cleric of the old days usually went about armed to the teeth. Even on the Sabbath he would be preceded on his way to church by his servant bearing his broadsword and pistols. When the minister ascended the pulpit he took his weapons with him, placing them in a conspicuous position on the pulpit ledge.

To this day in some of the remote Highland districts Divine worship is still celebrated in Gaelic.

GROCER'S ASSISTANT: "What is it you're grumbling at anyhow? D'ye want the earth?"

FASTIDIOUS CUSTOMER: "No, sir, I don't; certainly not in the sugar."

ANOTHER

£1,000 FOOTBALL PRIZE

OFFERED THIS WEEK.

(See page 283.)

POLICEMAN (to clubman returning home late): "Here, you can't open the door with that; it's your cigar."

INEBRIATED CLUBMAN: "Great Scott! Then I have smoked my latchkey!"

Dining by Telephone

DINING together by telephone is the latest form of extravagance to be indulged in by people with "money to burn."

The fad was started a few weeks back by a young man well known in West End society for his almost slavish devotion to a certain musical comedy actress.

She was fulfilling an engagement in Paris. Business kept him in London. Nevertheless, the loving couple had frequent chats together over the wire, and one day he suggested that she should "dine with him by telephone."

The idea was so delightfully novel, and, moreover, so preposterously extravagant, that the actress consented gleefully. He had a telephone placed on the dinner table at his flat in Mayfair. She had a similar instrument at her elbow in her private sitting-room in her hotel in Paris.

Both had previously ordered, by arrangement, exactly the same dinner, and the two went through the menu together, course by course, and chatting at intervals all the time, almost exactly as they would have done had they been sitting facing one another on opposite sides of the same table.

The time occupied over the meal was one hour, and the telephone company's bill came to £8.

TURNS STARS BAR.

Music-hall Artistes Strongly Disapprove of "Freak" Turns, and Make Their Displeasure Felt.

ALL England, particularly music-hall England, has recently been discussing whether Jack Johnson, the famous black boxer, should be allowed to perform in a London music-hall after his recent appearances in the American Criminal Courts on somewhat unpleasant charges.

Music-hall artistes leave matters of this sort in the hands of the Variety Artistes Federation. This body represents the views of some 9,000 British music-hall artistes. It is quite powerful enough to force the hand of a music-hall manager or syndicate that insists on booking turns that the profession as a whole objects to.

Of course, cases crop up very seldom. The most striking instance is that of Robert Wood, the young artist who was acquitted of the charge of murdering Emily Dimmock at Camden Town in 1907.

When he was acquitted, to receive a sensational welcome from the biggest crowd that ever collected round the Old Bailey, a music-hall manager offered him a large salary to appear at a Woolwich hall.

Violet Charlesworth on the Boards.

The V.A.F. heard of it and stepped in, with the result that the offer was promptly withdrawn.

"Freak" turns of this sort are what the profession loathes. When a music-hall books a turn whose only qualification is notoriety, the V.A.F., backed up by all the "stars," apply immediate pressure. There is little doubt that if a manager were to be obstinate in such a case the "freak" turn would have to give the whole evening's entertainment himself.

When Violet Charlesworth was at the height of her notoriety a music-hall syndicate offered her £300 a week to give three performances a night at two London halls.

She came forward her first evening in a red motor-coat, and deathly pale, her manager introducing her as "simply a little girl trying to entertain you." The audience settled the question by showing marked disapproval, and a couple of days was the whole duration of Violet Charlesworth's music-hall career.

Offers of this sort are very seldom made by music-hall managements now, though there was, a few years ago, some talk of John Lee, "The Man they Couldn't Hang," appearing at a London hall.

Why Animal Turns are Disliked.

Some kinds of turns, though not by any means coming under the heading of "freak" turns, are yet unpopular with the rest of the profession.

No artiste likes to appear on a bill with performing animals. The reason is, of course, that the noise of the animals cooped up at the back of the stage often spoils a clever turn. There is the odour, too. But many managements insist nowadays on the animals getting stable accommodation outside, and only entering the hall for their turn.

Music-hall artistes strongly dislike boxing and wrestling shows on the stage, too, and there has been some talk of boycotting these turns, on the ground that they are not in their place in music-halls, and that, by attracting a very rough audience, they spoil other artistes' receptions.

The first turn or two after a boxing or wrestling show is often refused a hearing, and even first-rate stars sometimes "get the bird." Some of them refuse to take bookings at halls which have turns like these on the same date.

Variety artistes dislike "Amateur Carnivals," too—those competitions for amateurs which give a week's engagement as the first prize and a sovereign or two to the next best. These competitions fill the programme at a trifling expense, and so keep professionals off the bill.

"Why show your 'Pearson's' so much, pretty maid?" "I'm out for a Blue Bird Brooch," she said.

There are Several Little Wild Animals that will Turn Round on You if You Interfere With Them.

ONE of the engineers on the Staff of the London Sewage Works had an unpleasant experience the other day. He was making his round on the evening of July 26th last, and was in the great sewer near the Hungerford outfall, when a huge brown rat ran across in front of him.

He struck at the brute with his stick, and hit it. It squeaked loudly, and instantly scores of its comrades appeared and attacked the engineer fiercely.

He tried to beat them off with his stick, but there were so many that at last he took to his heels and ran. The pack actually chased him for some distance, and when he reached safety the teeth marks in his trousers showed plainly how fierce had been the onslaught of the rats.

This is by no means the first case of the kind. Some years ago an exactly similar incident occurred on the marshes near Sittingbourne, where a number of rats had been driven out of their usual haunts by an exceptionally high tide.

A boy walking along a field path near the edge of the water saw a rat close by and hit it with a stone. At its squeak of pain, a regular horde of its companions came running to the rescue.

The boy kicked them away with his boots, but they seemed fearless. He was bitten badly on hands and arms, and eventually had to run for his life.

Mind That Small Pack of Weasels.

There are several sorts of animals besides rats which have similar habits of defence, and which will join together for the purpose of attacking a mutual enemy.

Stoats, for instance, and also weasels. The stoat seems hardly to know the meaning of fear, and although both stoat and weasel as a rule hunt singly, yet in the autumn they often go about in small packs. With these it is really not safe to meddle unless you have a gun.

This sounds absurd, for a stoat is only nine or ten inches long, from nose to the end of its tail, yet, to prove it true, here is a case in point.

Walking near Cricklade, a gentleman saw two stoats sitting up in the road. He picked up a stone, threw it and hit one, knocking it over. The other at once gave its curious high-pitched little cry, and at the sound about a dozen other stoats came out of the old stone wall by the road side and attacked their assailant.

He had no stick, and they seemed to care nothing for kicks. They ran up his clothes, and went for his face. He was badly bitten on the chin, and finally pulling his hat down over his forehead he made off as hard as he could go.

"Hampshire Tigers" are Pigs.

When he got home, five of the bloodthirsty little brutes were found still clinging to his coat.

Did you ever hear of a "Hampshire tiger?" That was the name that used to be given to the half wild pigs of the New Forest, and which on many occasions have made tourists run for their lives.

Some years ago two rash youngsters tried to corner a little pig in the New Forest. The moment its squeal of distress was heard, half a dozen full grown pigs came charging down, bristles up, gnashing their long tusks. Luckily for themselves, the boys reached the lower branches of a beech tree in time.

All the pig tribe have the same habit. That little fighting fiend, the Mexican peccary, goes in herds up to sixty in number. Fire a shot at one of them and your doom is sealed. If they catch you there won't be enough of you left to make a toothpick. Even if you get up a tree they will besiege you and wait until either you have killed the very last one of them or until you die of hunger and thirst.

Buffalo, too. Even the lordly tiger thinks twice about trying to pull down a buffalo, for if the herd are near, every single one of them will turn upon master stripes, and if he can't get away in time they will gore him first and afterwards trample him literally into pulp.

KING'S ENGLISH.

No. 15.—"May" and "Can."

Even the best educated among us are liable to make mistakes in grammar. Each week we give some common grammatical error, pointing out the mistake, and correcting it.

THIS week we explain the misuse of "*May*" and "*Can*."

"May" implies permission, while "Can" implies ability.

Thus "You may do it" means that you have permission to do it, or you are allowed to do it. "You can do it," however, means that you are capable of doing it. Thus it is incorrect to ask "Can I take a chocolate?" when you mean "May I take a chocolate?"

Next week: "*Principle*" and "*Principal*."

LITTLE BRAIN WAVES.

CLEVER women always tell men they look overworked.

Real fame is to be discussed by strangers in a railway carriage.

Soon there'll be nothing left of Turkey but the wishbone.

All men want to be heroes, and all women want to be martyrs.

Loving a woman never satisfies her; you've got to make love to her.

A wise woman is one who has a great deal to say, and remains silent.

A woman resents hearing her husband abused. It is usurping her privilege.

Rustling silk has wrought more havoc in this world than thundering cannon.

Many a man's charity begins and ends with his willingness to pass the hat.

Once there was a woman who couldn't be flattered, but she isn't alive any longer.

If one neglects one's husband one is sure to repent—they console themselves so soon.

When a girl refuses a fellow and he doesn't go to the bad, it is a bitter blow to her pride

It is just as easy to let others make a fool of you as to do it yourself, and it takes less effort.

When the dark hour comes, men swear and drink whisky, and women cry and drink tea.

If a woman isn't suspicious of her husband it's because she has something else to worry about.

Why is it that when a man discovers that he is a "genius" he allows his hair to grow long, and that when a woman becomes similarly conscious she has her hair cut short?

Why do women take the trouble to peck at each other's cheeks? It is one of the eternal poses, a social necessity like hairpins. You are bound to kiss your fellow-woman if you wish *her* to preserve *your* reputation.

If there is any occasion on which smoking would be justified in a woman it is when she gives a cook notice. If one could then light a pipe and do the deed coolly between the puffs, it would be the perfect way—unless, of course, it could be managed by telephone.

If you must ask for money, always write. People don't resent a written appeal; it suggests a recognition of influence and benevolence. They will usually put it in the waste-paper basket and send no answer, but they will feel that they have disappointed you, and will have kindlier thoughts of you in consequence.

A CLEVER WOMAN.

WHAT is a clever woman? Surely one who expresses her femininity, subtly but surely.

But the knowledge of how to do this is by no means given to every woman, especially in the highly important matter of dressing.

What are you to do if you do not possess the dress sense? Why, write to Janet Gray, of the London DAILY EXPRESS. Her articles, which appear every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, are designed, first and foremost, to help her readers, and she is willing to give individual attention to everyone who writes to her.

SEASIDE CELEBRITIES.

Mr. P. Doubleyou Interviews the Man Who Can Tell You Why There is an "e" in the Middle of Folkestone.

JACK ANDERSON is his name, and you are almost certain to come across him if you go down to Folkestone. Apart from his brass bell, which is about a hundred years old, and his uniform, blue with red facings, his appearance is striking.

For a man of sixty-four he has a splendid crop of almost white hair, a face out of which a pair of deep blue eyes are for ever humorously twinkling.

"I'm the fourth town crier Folkestone's had," he told me. "I got the job in 1910. One man held it for forty-six years. I remember him when I was a boy. We used to laugh at him, and as he couldn't chase us, he had a habit of hurling his bell at us in fury when he'd had enough of our larks. See, here are some dents in it.

"Talking about the bell, I can tell you something that not many people, even old Folkestonians, know," he went on. "Have a look and you will see that the word Folkestone on it is spelt without a middle 'e.' That was the old way, and it was changed for this reason.

"If you take the letters FOLKESTONE you can make 'Kent fools' out of them. The Dover people found that out and used to chaff the Folkestone people so much about it that a middle 'e' was put in to stop it."

A "Row" with a Real, Live Lord.

I asked Mr. Anderson to tell me about his "row" with Earl Radnor, who is, of course, Folkestone's great landlord.

"Oh, there never was any 'row,'" he said. "What happened was this: The first summer I was appointed town crier I went down on the front to cry and was stopped by some private policemen, acting under Lord Radnor's orders. So I went straight off and saw his agent about it, asking special permission to go where the people were. I was not given permission.

"Well, I didn't like the idea of any landlord getting the better of an old sailor—I followed the sea till I was thirty-two—and I lay awake half the night thinking how I could get even with them. At last I hit upon a plan.

"In the morning I went down to the beach, borrowed a megaphone, and hired a boat, and went out to sea and started making my cries. They couldn't say anything to me for that! Well, it seems that a gentleman on a London paper heard about what I'd done, for next morning, to my great surprise, when I went out I saw the town placard, 'Folkestone Town Crier's Great Victory!'"

Folkestone's town crier is famed for his impromptu rhyming.

"I put many of my cries into rhyme," he told me, "making up the lines as I walk about the streets. They call me the poetical crier."

1s. 6d. For Every Cry.

He gets from 1s. 6d. upwards per cry, and a new uniform every three years, and his best job, so far, was a week's crying for £3 10s. during a by-election.

"But I once got three half-crowns and a sovereign from an American millionaire. His wife had lost a gold and platinum bracelet studded with diamonds, and there was twenty pounds reward for it.

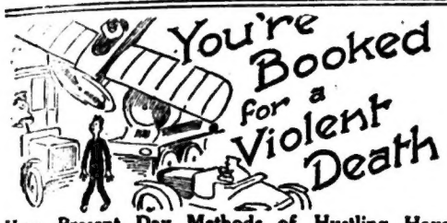
"Then there was quite a different sort of loss I had to deal with once. A poor widow with a family dropped her purse, containing all she possessed—twelve shillings in it. She came to me with tears in her eyes. 'Will you call it?' she begged; 'I've borrowed a shilling to pay you.'

"I would not take that shilling, but I called the loss—called it for two days without result. Then, at last, I got among a crowd of excursionists from London and told them about the case. I collected seven shillings for the widow, and on my way home with the money thought I'd try one more cry. It was lucky I did so, for I had chanced to stop and cry just outside the shop of the very woman who had picked up the purse."

Mr. Anderson told me that he "finds" 80 per cent. of the lost property he "cries."

(*Next Week: "Eastbourne's Boatman."*)

"How We Waste Time." See the September ROYAL MAGAZINE. Now on sale.



How Present Day Methods of Hustling Have Made Life Anything But Safe.

EVERY year the odds against your dying a natural death are becoming greater. It is the inevitable result of the highly civilised and scientific age in which we live, for the tendency of every fresh invention is to hasten death, which is to say, practically every new discovery of man produces a fresh form of killing.

Such inventions as electricity, mechanical locomotion, aviation, and submarine exploration, for instance, have claimed dozens of lives since their introduction into practical affairs. That this is not an exaggerated state of affairs is shown by the fact that a distinguished committee of European doctors recently collected statistics which showed that modern progress during the last century has produced 2,000 new ways of killing.

10,000 Motor Vehicles in London.

Statistics also prove that more people are killed by accidents nowadays than was ever the case before. There are at the present time about some 10,000 motor-cars, 'buses, and other mechanically propelled vehicles on the streets of London alone, and last year they killed and injured over 35,000 people. Never before has the peril of the streets been such a menace. Over Westminster Bridge, for instance, an average of 17,000 vehicles pass between eight in the morning and eight at night.

In all our big towns and cities the principal thoroughfares are in a similar congested condition, and it is little wonder that thousands of lives are lost through street accidents each year. They increase at something like the rate of 2,000 every twelve months.

Since electricity has gained a place in every-day affairs, it has killed and injured hundreds. Mechanics and workmen are continually being electrocuted, and machines driven by this power have produced an ugly record of fatalities through explosions and similar mishaps.

In the Fire Brigade Statistics the list of disastrous conflagrations caused by the fusing of electric wires occupies a formidable space. Last year over 160 fires were due to this cause.

Another very prevalent form of accident, which our forefathers never knew, is that brought about by petrol fumes. This spirit a few years back was regarded as a scientific discovery, which was of little use for every day affairs.

How Petrol Causes Deaths.

With the advent of the petrol motor this spirit soon became a common commodity, and now it is possible to purchase it in large quantities with little trouble. Fires whose primary cause was due to the vapour of exposed petrol reaching a naked light numbered something like sixty in London alone last year, whilst the newspaper files bear witness to the number of fatal accidents caused through this spirit being used carelessly.

So prevalent has the practice of utilising petrol for cleaning purposes in private houses become that the sanitary authorities have been forced to issue notices warning householders not to pour this spirit down the pipes. When this is done petrol fumes get into the sewers, and cause serious explosions, which in several cases have proved fatal to the men who work underground.

Although aviation during its few years of existence has killed hundreds of airmen, it does not at present increase, to any great extent, the dangers of every-day life. But as aircraft become more general, this science will undoubtedly add to the list of accidental deaths.

Already disinterested members of the public have lost their lives through being struck by descending aeroplanes.

At the present time you stand a far greater chance of ending your days in a lunatic asylum than you ever have before.

Your Chance of Being a Lunatic.

Lunacy is increasing to an alarming extent, and any doctor will tell you it is due to the strenuousness of modern life. The struggle to exist, the neglect of physical exercise now that mechanical means of transport is everywhere around, and the continual strain on the nervous system brought about by the noise and hustle of town life, are the main reasons for the increase in insanity.

Whilst on the subject of modern hustling it is interesting to note that dozens of lives are lost in lift accidents every year. Our forefathers, who could afford to move in a more leisurely fashion, had little reason to utilise these needs of the nineteenth century, and hence there is here another fresh mode of meeting a violent end.

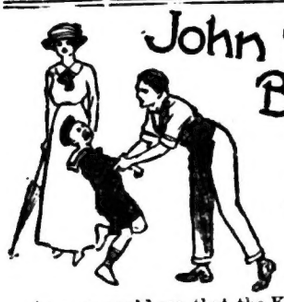
Despite the excellent organisation of our police force, it is not wise for householders to congratulate themselves on being able to enjoy immunity from housebreakers, footpads and the like. For largely owing to the increase of machinery, which can do the work of hundreds of men, the ranks of crime are larger than ever, their numbers being recruited by desperate members of the unemployed.

One must of course take into account that, with the advance of surgical knowledge and the increase of sanitation, a large number of lives are saved nowadays which in the past were lost through ignorance. But the last century has been productive of so many new forms of disease, that to a large extent the work done by these fresh surgical discoveries is nullified.

HOW TO AVOID "SEA-SUN EYE."

The Medical Congress in London has announced a number of weird ailments picked up at the seaside. The worst complaint of them all is "Photophthalmia" or "Sea-Sun Eye." It is caught by looking at the sea when the sun is gleaming on it, and, as a protection, goggles are advocated. Below, our cartoonist shows the result of a few more medical scares.

"An Actress Princess—Princess Bariatinsky." See the September PEARSON'S MAGAZINE. Now on sale.



John Baines' Blunder

The Story of a Romance by the Sea.

By ROY VICKERS.

Anyone could see that the Kiosk at the pier-head did a good trade. It was in just the right position—some fifty odd yards from the band-stand—and it so'd just the right articles, tobacco and its innumerable accessories for the men, and souvenirs and picture postcards for the women. But John Baines, the owner of the Kiosk, was not as happy as he should have been. He suffered from an acute sense of loneliness.

As a fact, he was quite alone in the world. He had no relations and no fixed home. And as he was a comparative stranger to the seaside resort he had no friends in the town. And there were times when, in the privacy of his lodgings, he would ask himself why he took the trouble to make more money than sufficed for his own simple needs.

And then suddenly life became worth while for John Baines.

It was in the middle of the morning, and he was in his usual place in the Kiosk when he caught sight of her. She was pushing an expensive looking perambulator in which was an expensively dressed child. A boy of about seven was walking beside her, and a few paces in front strutted an overdressed woman and her husband.

Now John Baines had often told himself, with truth, that he was no ladies' man. He had secretly regretted the fact, but the fact remained. Yet one glance at the face of the girl was sufficient to upset the habits of a lifetime. There was no suggestion of prettiness about it. Instead, there was a quiet, appealing beauty that filled him with an intense desire to know her.

The boy was dragging at the perambulator and Baines heard her give him a mild reproof.

The boy protested loudly and insolently, and at once his mother turned round.

"I won't have you bullying the child, understand that once and for all," she snapped coarsely. "He's to do just as he likes."

At that moment her husband caught sight of the Kiosk and came over to buy a cigar.

John Baines wanted to ask him what on earth he meant by allowing a vulgar little shrew like his wife to insult the lady who was compelled by circumstances to wheel a pram—but he did not. He handed a cigar in the ordinary way, and had to content himself with the paltry revenge of demanding twice the usual price.

Reluctantly he watched her pass on. But fortune favoured him that morning. As his eye followed the party, he saw the man turn and speak to her. The next instant his idol was walking slowly but surely towards the Kiosk.

"I want a box of matches, please," she said; and he noted the gentleness of her voice.

Now a box of matches is an exasperatingly simple article to sell. It is virtually impossible to prolong a conversation on the subject. The most he could do was to inquire:

"Will you have wood or wax matches?"

"I—I don't know," she replied. "Which do smokers prefer?"

He glanced judiciously at her distant employer.

"I should think," he said, "that in this case wooden matches would be preferred."

He contrived to steal an extra ten seconds by pretending that he could not at once find the matches.

"How much, please?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied. "The gentleman bought a cigar here just now, and I—I never charge customers for matches," he lied unblushingly. Thus, instead of a ha'penny, John Baines received her thanks and a smile as a reward for his ingenuity.

He saw her again on the following afternoon. Her employers were not with her this time, and his heart beat rapidly at his own audacity. He wondered whether there would be a chance of getting into conversation with her.

As she passed the Kiosk with her charges, she caught his eye. She bowed slightly, and then passed on. And, try as he would, John Baines could not convince himself that her action was anything more than mere politeness.

She was circling the pier-head, and the next time she approached his view of her was blocked by a party of trippers discharged by the pleasure steamer, many of whom, to his annoyance, insisted on patronising the Kiosk. But the opportunity for which he had been longing came towards the middle of the afternoon.

The pier-head was almost deserted, most of the visitors having departed for tea. She, too, was hurrying along, and he could see that she was having trouble with the boy.

"You *must* come along," he heard her say, "or we shall be late for tea."

"I don't care," replied the boy stubbornly. "Mother will be cross with you, not me."

"You *are* to come," she persisted, and caught him by the hand, trying to drag him along while at the same time pushing the perambulator.

"I shan't come if I don't want to. Mother said I'm to do as I like. Lemme go!"

As she did not release her hold, the spoilt child doubled his fists and commenced to thump her viciously. It was more than John Baines could stand.

In a moment he was out of the Kiosk and had caught the boy firmly by both arms.

"Now look here, young fellow-me-lad," he said sternly. "I've been watching you, and I've a jolly good mind to hand you over to the policeman at the end of the pier. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

The child was thoroughly cowed, and seemed on the verge of tears.

"Now just you do as you're told and walk properly," he went on, "and if you don't behave yourself you know what to expect."

The girl looked at him gratefully. "Thank you so much," she almost whispered. And John Baines returned to the Kiosk to treasure the memory of the glance that accompanied her words.

She came herself to the Kiosk on the following day.

"It was so good of you—yesterday," she said.

"Bit of a handful, that young man, I should think?" he ventured.

"He's a little beast!" she confided feelingly. "Always trying to get me into trouble with his mother!

"I know he means to have his revenge for what happened yesterday," she added. "And he's as cunning as they make them. There he is, over there, getting into mischief again. I must be off."

She used to come on the pier almost every afternoon. John Baines was a changed man. He was no longer troubled with the problem of his existence. His spare time was divided between day dreams of what might be and more practical plans for furthering their acquaintance. He resolved that, next time he saw her, he would ask her to come for a walk on her first free evening. He carefully thought out what he would say. Laboriously, he prepared a little set speech. But he never delivered it.

One afternoon he looked up to find her standing in front of the Kiosk.

"I've come on business this afternoon," she said smilingly. "I want a tobacco-pouch, please."

"A *tobacco-pouch*," he echoed, forgetting his function of salesmanship in his dismay.

"Yes! You see, it's a present for my——"

"I quite understand," he interrupted hastily in the formal tones of the shopman. He laid a tray of pouches before her, making some appropriate remark. All the time he was thinking. "A tobacco-pouch! What a fool I've been! Of course, a beautiful girl like that has a sweetheart already! *What* a fool!"

"I think this one looks the nicest," she said, not noticing the sudden depression that had settled on him.

Mechanically he thanked her and commenced to wrap it up.

"Oh, but I should like it filled with tobacco!" she said.

"You see," she added confidently, "it's his birthday to-morrow, and it will be a nice little surprise for him, won't it?"

"Quite so!" he forced himself to reply. "What kind of tobacco?"

"Oh, I don't know!" she replied, bewildered. "I think he always smokes something very strong. I know it makes his clothes smell horribly. But he likes it, so what does that matter?"

So she regarded him merely as a shopman after all! That was the thought that galled him as he watched her receding figure. And he had never even considered the possibility of a rival! With all the modesty of simple love he blamed himself for his conceit.

Later he caught sight of her unruly charge wandering alone in the direction of the band-stand. He had an odd mixture of feelings for the boy. He hated him because he was a source of worry to her, loved him because he had been the means of bringing them together, and hated him again because his own dreams had been brought to nothing.

He saw the boy approach the deserted band-stand, saw him glance furtively around and then stoop, apparently to drop something down a grating that ran round the band-stand.

"The little beast is up to some mischief, I'll bet," reflected Baines. "Better not tell her, though; she might resent it."

It was with a heavy heart that John Baines closed the Kiosk that night rather earlier than usual. He did not at once return to his lodgings. He tramped along aimlessly. He wanted to get away from the holiday crowd, which annoyed him in his present mood.

It was then that Fate atoned for the blunder she had made in the affairs of John Baines.

He had wandered into the quiet residential quarter of the town. He heard a wild commotion at the doorstep of a house behind him, heard the clatter of a tin box roughly handled, and the slamming of a door.

He turned and beheld the girl of his dreams standing on the doorstep. He realised at once she had been turned out, and, hat in hand, approached her and offered assistance.

She did not immediately answer, and by the light of a street lamp he could see that she was crying. He caught up the tin box and carried it on his shoulders. As they walked down the road together he asked her gently what had happened.

"I—I've been turned out," she answered, struggling to control her emotion, "because—because I am accused of stealing a diamond ring belonging to Mrs. Wadd."

"Good heavens!" cried John Baines laying down the box. "D'you mean to tell me they dare say that?"

It never occurred to him to question the possible justification for the charge.

"She had a lot of jewellery," replied the girl, "and it was my work to clean it. One of the rings is missing——"

John Baines was thinking.

"Look here!" he said suddenly. "Do you think that little beast of a boy has had anything to do with it—hidden it somewhere to get you into trouble?"

"I—I should hardly think so," she replied doubtfully.

"Come to think of it, I'm pretty sure he has. If you don't think anyone else could have stolen it properly," he said hastily. "I saw him fooling about with the grating by the band-stand this afternoon. Anyhow, we'll just slip round to the pier and see."

At the corner of the road he hailed a cab. Before he handed over the trunk he noticed that her name was Kitty Morton.

"I know of a decent place where you can stay for the night," he said as they sat together in the cab. "We must hurry as the pier will be closed soon."

"Drive to the pier first," he ordered. When they arrived, he paid the cabman, and told him where to take her box.

The band was just playing the National Anthem as they passed the barrier. The lights at the pier-head were being extinguished, and they faced a stream of departing holiday-makers.

"Here, George," he cried, catching sight of an attendant. "This lady thinks she has dropped a ring down this grating here. It won't take you half a minute to have it up."

"All right, Mr. Baines," replied the attendant as he pocketed a generous tip. "Only wait till the crowd's cleared off."

The bandmaster was preparing to clear off when John Baines hailed him, and explained their errand. It had flashed across his mind that the more witnesses he could get the better it would be.

"Don't see nothing 'ere," said the man as he groped among the gas-pipes beneath the grating.

John Baines felt his heart sinking, but he would not yet abandon hope.

"Here's a match, George," he said suddenly. "Try again, there's a good fellow. I know it was dropped here."

"Ha!" grunted the man suddenly. "Here's somethin'. P'raps that's it," and he held up a diamond ring.

"That's it," cried Kitty Morton excitedly.

"Quick!" he urged. "We must go back at once to Mrs. What's-er-name.

"There's no time to walk," he said as they left the promenade. "We'll have a taxi."

She seemed to be dazed by the rapid sequence of events, and, noting this, he said: "I shall have to come in, too. I'm a witness, you see."

A servant showed them into the dining-room. Mrs. Wadd did not rise as they entered.

"Well?" demanded Wadd.

"Is that your wife's ring?" asked John Baines coldly dropping it on to the table. It was no longer a shopman who spoke, but a man filled with a sense of righteous indignation.

Mrs. Wadd supplied the answer by rushing forward and clutching it.

"P'raps you'll explain how that ring came to be in your possession," said Wadd insolently.

"Certainly," replied John Baines. "I found it under the grating by the band-stand on the pier where it had been dropped by——"

"That be hanged for a tale!" cried Wadd.

Your kiddies have had a gorgeous fortnight's holiday. What about our kiddies—the F.A.F. Kiddies?

believe that you and that girl are working together, and now you're afraid we are going to prosecute——"

"Why *aren't* you going to prosecute?" flashed John Baines.

And, as the other did not answer, he went on:

"You may be aware, Mr. Wadd, that your accusation of this lady and myself amounts to a criminal libel!"

Wadd was clearly taken aback.

"I withdraw," he said grudgingly, "and apologise. But it is difficult to believe——"

"It won't be if you'll just send for your son," retorted Baines.

"But he's asleep," protested Mrs. Wadd, horrified at the thought of disturbing her child.

"Very well, madam," replied Baines, shrugging his shoulders. "If you do not care to settle the matter now, it can be cleared up afterwards—in the Courts."

"But what has my son to do with it?" whined Wadd.

"Fetch him and you'll see," was the answer.

Wadd left the room, and a few minutes later reappeared with the boy.

"Alec, dear"— began his mother.

"Let this—gentleman—speak," snapped Wadd. He was feeling sulky because of his own humiliation.

"You need not be frightened," said John Baines, not unkindly, "as long as you speak the truth. Now just tell us where you put the ring you stole from your mother's dressing-table."

For a moment the child contemplated denial. Then he caught sight of the ring on his mother's finger.

"The truth, mind," prompted John Baines.

"I—I dropped it down a hole on the pier," answered the child, bursting into tears.

"I expect he'll have the decency to make you an apology in the morning," said John Baines as he and Kitty Morton left the house. "But I wouldn't go back there if I were you. I'd try to get another place instead that'll last until you—you get married."

"Married?" she laughed. "Why do you say that? I am not even engaged."

John Baines considered for a moment.

"I—I thought that tobacco-pouch—" he began.

"The one I bought for my father?" she asked.

"Your *father!*" he echoed.

Then suddenly his shyness left him.

"Kitty!" he cried in amazement.

"Yes?" she answered softly.

In the shadow of an overhanging tree he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

The SUR—PRIZES Column.

Watches, Silver and Pearl Fruit Knives, and Blue Bird Brooches to be Won this Week.

Cholly With the Gun.

OUR readers are fond of supplying last lines. Here is another chance for them:—

"When Lord Cholly went after the birds
On September the First with a gun,
All he shot was a keeper, who said:

.....

Well, what did the keeper say? You need not make your line rhyme with the second line of the verse. You mustn't let the keeper utter more than twelve words. For the best ten last lines we will give Watches. Mark postcards "Cholly."

See conditions on page 298.

For the Ladies and Their Sweethearts.

These prizes are specially for the ladies, though gentlemen with sweethearts may compete if they like, and if they win can present their sweethearts with the prize! Here is the problem: "Why is a pretty lady bather like a five-course dinner?" For the best ten replies we will give Blue Bird Brooches. Mark postcards "Bather."

See conditions on page 298.

Potted Romances, Please.

We want some potted romances. Here is one for example:—

"Mr.—Miss—Meet; Kiss—More Kisses—Miss Mrs!" That's the romance of two lifetimes in eight words. You are not limited to eight words in your attempts, however. We will allow you twenty words to "pot" any story. You need not rhyme, of course. For the best ten potted romances we will give Silver and Pearl Fruit Knives. Mark postcards "Pot."

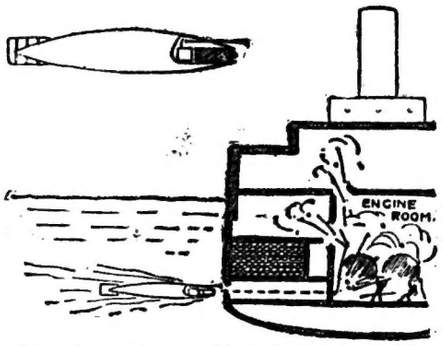
See conditions on page 298.

(The results of the Sur-Prizes Competitions, in which nearly 200 novelties were offered, appear on page iii of the red cover.)

WAR'S LATEST TERRORS.

Some Wonderful Weapons That Will Play a Big Part in Future Warfare.

THE next big war, will reveal many terrible inventions whose purpose will be to cause death and destruction to an extent which past conflicts have never known. For of recent years keen brains have been utilising the powers of modern science for the production of war weapons possessing huge

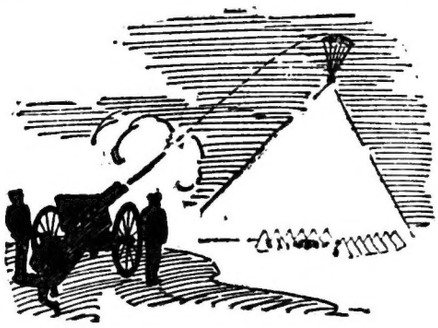


A torpedo carrying an eight-inch shell is the latest war weapon. It will pass right through the steel walls and into the heart of a battleship.

death-dealing propensities, and these inventions are being adopted by all the big powers.

When the submarine with its deadly torpedoes first came into existence, most people thought that this form of under-water attack was the limit in naval tactics. But recently a foreign torpedo far more formidable than the old type has made an appearance.

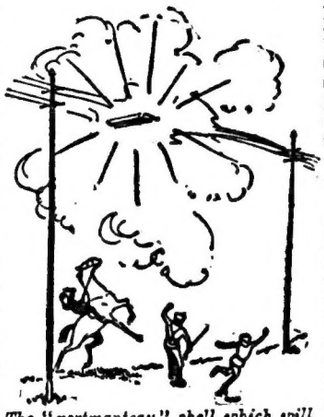
This weapon, known as the Davis torpedo, is built on similar lines to its prototype and is fired



A clever combination of a searchlight and shell is now being used to show up the enemy's entrenchments.

from the tube of a submarine. But the secret of its deadliness is the fact that it carries at its head an eight-inch shell which is expelled from the torpedo at the enormous speed of a thousand feet a second. This weapon crashes up against the hull of a battleship, its firing rod is forced back by the impact, which fires the shell point-blank into the side of the vessel.

At such short range, and with so huge a driving force, the projectile goes through the steel hull of the ship as though it were paper, and penetrates to the very vitals of the vessel.

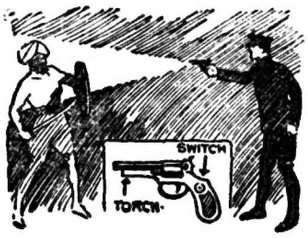


The "portmanteau" shell which will buckle iron plates like paper. Even the touching of a telegraph wire or the foliage of a tree will explode it.

In past conflicts it has been found that searchlights are more often than not destroyed by the enemy's fire owing to the excellent target they offer during night operations.

For this reason, the Powers have welcomed a new form of searchlight shell, which is as ingenious as it is effective. It consists of a combination of a rocket and shell. A tube is partially filled with an illuminating powder, whilst the top conceals a small parachute controlled by a spring.

These projectiles are driven high into the air, not with a very great force, so that they take a curving flight over towards the enemies' entrenchments. By means of a timing apparatus a spring expels the concealed parachute immediately the illuminating substance bursts into flames, and thus the instrument hovers over the enemy's scene of operations and for some minutes lights up with a brilliant glare the surroundings below. It was the Japanese who first discovered a new form of explosive powder, whose death-dealing qualities struck terror into the hearts of the Russians during their conflict with the Japs. It is incased in shells a foot in diameter and more than four feet long. Their peculiar shape earned them the nickname of "portmanteaus" during the Russo-Japanese campaign.



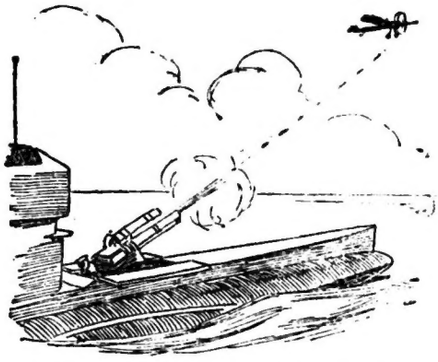
Revolvers with a little flashlight attached will play an important part in night attacks in future warfare.

This new war missile differs from the ordinary shell in numerous ways. It explodes with most terrific force, buckling iron ladders into rings and hurling huge guns yards through the air.

The explosion of this mysterious powder also produces a gas which nauseates and stupefies those around. But its havoc is increased by the fact that the slightest impact causes these "portmanteaus" to explode.

Should they touch a telegraph wire or rush through the foliage of a tree, they will explode, so delicate is their construction. Moreover, these missiles do not sink harmlessly beneath the wave when they fall wide during naval bombardments, but burst the moment they touch the water.

Night attacks play a big part in modern war tactics, and for this reason any implement which aids this form of fighting is always welcomed by military powers. One of the latest additions to the devices which are utilised for night operations is the flashlight revolver. This consists of a combined electric flashlight and firearm. Attached to the underpart of the barrel is an electric torch, which the



As aircraft can spy on submarines, the latter are being fitted with a sky gun which disappears into a water-tight receptacle when the vessel wishes to dive.

holder can operate by means of a switch placed just above his thumb.

When the hazy form of his adversary looms up in the darkness the marksman switches on the torch, which directs a ray of light on to the person of the enemy. Where this circle of light falls, the bullet will hit when he fires.

The advent of the aeroplane has robbed the submarine of some of its usefulness as a weapon of war, as an airman poised high in the air can easily discern the movements of those vessels, although they may be at a considerable depth. Thus the latest submarines are being equipped with specially constructed guns, for the purpose of winging menacing aircraft. These are mounted on a disappearing platform fitted on the vessel's deck.

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE is offering special prizes for amateur gardeners. See the September number. Now selling

Faking Prize Carnations

The 'Cute Methods of Unscrupulous Exhibitors at Flower Shows. If a rose is too full, they will gum in a few more petals.

WITH the advent of the flower-show season, that type of exhibitor who considers a conscience of less account than a cauliflower gets his innings. Some people will, of course, be surprised to hear that duplicity or fraud of any kind is practised amongst competitors at flower-shows.

It is a fact, nevertheless; and so keen is the rivalry that some exhibitors will really risk almost anything in their eagerness to figure in the prize list.

Probably the most barefaced fraud is the individual who exhibits flowers or fruit he never grew.

A flagrant case of this nature was discovered in the Midlands a year or two ago, when a competitor, who had won several prizes for his floral displays, was found to have purchased all his exhibits from a professional grower in Surrey a few days before the show took place.

An equally impudent fraud was perpetrated by a very indifferent gardener in the West of Scotland. He was awarded first prize for potatoes, to the general amazement of those who had hastily judged his probable crop. And no wonder they were surprised. What were the facts?

He was connected with a Glasgow firm doing a large trade in "murphies," and had picked the best from several consignments from Ayrshire. Under cover of darkness he buried them in his garden, and dug them up in the daytime for all the little village world to see that there was no deception!

"Doctoring" flowers is a peculiarly subtle form of horticultural deceit, wherein the craft and skill of the "faker" are almost certain to hoodwink even the most argus-eyed of judges.

Of course, the very first principle of this delicate art is concealment; the work must be done so well that no one can discern it has been done at all. To this end the flower "doctor" must have his case of instruments; a delicate pair of dissecting scissors, forceps of all shapes and sizes, cutting pliers, curling tongs, in addition to other accessories. A bottle of gum is indispensable. He can work wonders with it.

For example, when a flower shows a tendency to be so full grown that its owner fears it will collapse before the judges have had time to pass their verdict upon it, a drop or two of gum will rectify matters. With much care and delicacy the adroit faker very deftly gums the bases of the outside leaves, and, if he can manage it, drops a little gum gently down among the bottoms of the other leaves as well.

Then, again, if a rose, say, is a trifle too full blown, and shows its stamens, some exhibitors will cunningly insert a few additional petals into its centre with the aid of gum.

Gladioli with faulty petals receive somewhat similar treatment. The plants are allowed to grow as long as possible in order to expand their flowers. Those at the bottom of the spike quickly die off, so these are carefully extracted from the sheath-like arrangement around the base of the blooms, and fresher flowers of the same variety inserted in their place.

Faking carnations is a branch of the art calling for even greater 'cuteness. Only an expert is clever enough to successfully attempt it. The method appears simple enough — until it is tried!

A large, rather loose flower is selected, and the centre plucked from it. Another smaller flower is then taken, and the calyx—those small green leaves which seemingly hold the petals together—is stripped off. It is then placed inside the first bloom and pressed and shaped out. Fifty per cent. has been added to the appearance of the flower, which can now hardly fail to carry off a prize—thanks to the dodge.

The curling of chrysanthemums is very doubtful in character, yet flower-show judges must be aware that a large number of flowers of this kind sent in by exhibitors are curled. Curling tongs are capable of remarkable results, and a faker with these dainty tools will work wonders with a few flowers, twisting and curling them in such a manner as to make unfaked flowers look commonplace by comparison.

Treasure on the Beach

Rings and Other Kinds of Jewellery are not the only Things to be Picked Up. You may Find a Torpedo.

A MAN who spent his holidays at Barmouth this summer is angry enough to bite himself.

He was strolling along the beach one day when he saw an odd-looking lump of dull grey stuff that might have weighed about twenty pounds. It had obviously been brought in by the sea, and the receding tide had left it lying high and dry on the beach. He poked it with his stick as he passed, and continued his walk, not knowing that he was passing by a small fortune.

He has since learned, however, that the queer-looking lump was ambergris, a substance which is occasionally found on our coast, and which is largely used in the manufacture of perfumery. Now, as ambergris is worth at least six pounds an ounce, this very angry man finds that he has just missed a nice little fortune of about two thousand pounds.

Rings and other jewellery are always being lost and found on the beach at holiday times, and at some fashionable resorts there are people who make a regular income looking for small valuables that careless people have dropped while sitting on the beach.

Some children at a south-coast watering-place recently found a small bundle of letters lying on the beach. They carried them home and had a lovely game of "postmen" with them, until their mother saw them, and asked where they had found the letters.

Fortunately, she remembered having seen a reward offered for some letters that had been lost, and she took them to the police-station on the chance of their being the missing letters.

Inquiries were made, and though it turned out that they were not the letters for which a reward had been offered, the real owner was traced, and he was so glad to get them back that he sent along a five-pound note to be divided among the lucky children.

While carrying out torpedo practice a torpedo sometimes goes astray, and these torpedoes are so valuable that a battleship must on no account leave her station until it has been recovered. If anybody other than a bluejacket happens to find it, on the beach or in the sea, he gets a reward of a few pounds from the Admiralty.

Last month, while the new Japanese battleship *Kongo* was carrying out torpedo tests in Belfast Lough, one of the torpedoes was lost and a reward of two hundred pounds was offered for its recovery. The explanation of this big reward is that the *Kongo's* torpedoes embody most important secrets, and the Japanese were afraid that the missing torpedo might fall into the hands of the British authorities, and all its secrets be discovered.

There are, however, some things to be found at the seaside that are better left alone.

The other day three small boys found a ship's distress-signal rocket on the beach at Grays, near Tilbury. They took it home, and had a splendid game with it until one of them hit it with a hammer. The rocket, resenting such treatment, immediately exploded, and all the three youngsters were very badly damaged about the legs.

Billy, the Bread-winner

How a Plucky Little Bootblack Kept His Mother and Sister on His Scanty Earnings.

SMALL and frail as he was, his earnings kept a family from starvation, his thin, white hands fought successfully against the wolf ever snarling at the door. In his dull, tired way—he was always tired, poor lad—Billy was proud of being the bread-winner.

Sometimes the remembrance of other days made his heart ache, for he and his had "come down" in the world. His father had been a small shopkeeper in an unassuming street, and they had lived, if never in anything approaching luxury, at least in decent comfort.

Then his father's health, never good, became rapidly worse, and the doctor pronounced the dread word "consumption.

A year later his patient was dead, and shortly after, the widow's health gave way, and rheumatism crippled her in hands and feet. Since then the process of "coming down" had gone on quickly, till now, mother, son, and little daughter lived somehow on Billy's scanty earnings as a bootblack.

He was all the womenfolk had to depend on—a frail reed, alas! for even as the thought flitted through his mind, an attack of painful coughing shook his raggedly clad body from head to foot. The blacking brush fell from his hand, and the customer whose boot he had been cleaning looked down at him in kindly concern.

"What a dreadful cough you've got, my lad," he said, "and it's warm enough weather, too."

"The weather don't make no difference, sir," came the gasping reply, "I guess it's the beginnin' of consumption, wot me father died of."

He replied unheedingly to the questions of his kind-hearted customer, who asked for his name and address, what Sunday-school he attended, and other particulars, and then went thoughtfully away.

Billy's was a stricken home that evening, when he had made his mother realise the truth of his convictions. Billy, her hope, her pride, Billy who stood between his family and starvation—was slowly dying of consumption.

Billy had never cried since his father's death, but he broke down utterly that night, and his painful sobs wrenched his mother's heart anew, while little Edith ran to him and pressed two warm quivering lips against his own.

"Don't cry, Billy," she said caressingly. "P'raps the fairies teacher sometimes tells us stories about will come an' make you well. Oo—oo, I b'lieve they're coming now," she shrieked in sudden excitement, as she heard a knock at the door. Outside stood no less a person than Billy's inquisitive customer of the morning.

"Can you be ready to go to the sea to-morrow, my lad?" he asked smiling. "The Fresh Air Fund will give you a fortnight's holiday at one of their seaside homes, and if longer is needed to set you up I'll make myself responsible. And you needn't worry about your mother and sister. I'll see they don't suffer in your absence, my plucky little bread-winner."

Billy said nothing at all. The shock of joy proved too much for his delicate frame, and without a word or sound he fainted quietly away.

There are to-day so many young bread-winners like Billy who are wearing themselves out for want of change of air, good food, and rest. If you do your part there will be one the less to-morrow.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the *Daily Express* Limited, the *Standard* Newspapers Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; £8 2s. pays for a complete party of boys with the necessary attendants. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's *Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper.

(A list of subscriptions to the Fresh Air Fund appears on page 295.)

Enjoy your holiday? Then you can spare ninepence and let a slum child enjoy its holiday.

£1,000 £1,000 £1,000

NO ENTRANCE FEES. **NO GOALS REQUIRED.** **NO LIMIT TO ENTRIES.**

We have revived our Football Skill Competition for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. This week another prize of £1,000 is offered, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football and also fosters their interest in the game.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

On the entry form opposite you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, Sept. 13th.

You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave in names of both teams.

As announced above, this Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is **£1,000**, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

Competitors May Send as Many Attempts as They Wish.

CONDITIONS WITH WHICH COMPETITORS MUST COMPLY.

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 2" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, Sept. 12th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £1,000 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £1,000 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £50 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

PEARSON'S FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 2.

Matches to be played on Saturday, Sept. 13th.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Aston Villa	v.	Blackburn Rovers
Burnley	v.	Sheffield Wednesday
Liverpool	v.	Sunderland
Manchester United	v.	Bolton Wanderers
Middlesbrough	v.	Bradford City
Oldham Athletic	v.	Chelsea
Preston North End	v.	West Bromwich A.
Bury	v.	Lincoln City
Fulham	v.	Huddersfield Town
Glossop	v.	Clapton Orient
Leicester Fosse	v.	Grimsby Town
Notts County	v.	Birmingham
Stockport County	v.	Leeds City
Bristol Rovers	v.	West Ham United
Swindon Town	v.	Plymouth Argyle
Millwall Athletic	v.	Crystal Palace
Southend United	v.	Norwich City
Exeter City	v.	Reading

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club.

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature..... .....

Address.....

.....

THE CLOSING DATE OF THIS COMPETITION IS FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th.

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

Hints About the Second Division and Southern League Matches in Coupon No. 1.

Grimsby Town have a most attractive fixture with **Notts County** for their opening match. The "Lacemen," who last season occupied a position in the First Division, have not signed on many new men, and will depend mainly upon the old brigade. They ought to be able to defeat the "Fishermen."

Fulham open the season at Craven Cottage with a match against Bury, and readers should note how the "Cottagers" fare in this game before estimating their chances against **Clapton Orient** on the following Saturday. The "Orientals" generally get off the mark well, and, as they won the corresponding game last season, will strain every nerve to gain another victory.

Blackpool play the first game of the season at home, **Hull City** being their visitors. It is singular that of the last four games between these two teams at Blackpool, each side claimed two victories each. The "Tigers" start the season with practically a new team and management, and will be most anxious to lead off with a victory.

The meeting of **Birmingham** and **Bradford** should be productive of a fine game. There are not many changes in either team, the principal one in Birmingham's list being R. O. Evans, from Coventry City, the clever Welsh International goalkeeper. The Yorkshire team would seem to have strengthened their forward line by the acquisition of Leavey (Barnsley) and Garry (Derby). Last season the corresponding game ended in a draw of 1—1.

Nottingham Forest open the season at Nottingham with a match against Leicester Fosse, and on the 6th September again appear before their own supporters against **Wolverhampton Wanderers**. The Nottingham team will have to be on their best behaviour if they want to repeat last season's two clear goals' victory.

Lincoln City inaugurate their home programme with a match against **Barnsley**. This should be a rare battle, for both teams are hopeful of gaining the highest honours that the Second Division can offer. It is extremely doubtful if Lincoln can repeat last season's 2—0 victory.

Matches between **Gillingham** and **Queen's Park Rangers** on the ground of the Kent club are always productive of keen struggles. Last season's fixture ended with a barren score-sheet; in fact, the aggregate of goals for the past four matches totals but six.

Norwich City open the season at home with a match against Watford, and this should give readers a line to go upon in estimating their chances against **Northampton**. Last season's game resulted in a division of four goals.

The grounds of the Welsh clubs are not easy to pick up points from, and **Bristol Rovers** will be highly tried on their visit to **Merthyr**, although the Welsh club hardly looks as strong—at least on paper—as last season. The Rovers took all four points from them in last year's League matches.

Coventry City v. Brighton is the first choice morsel in the bill of fare provided for the delectation of the patrons of the Warwickshire club. Both teams have a prior engagement, but, even if Coventry should succeed at Gillingham, it does not follow that they will be able to improve on the 1—1 draw of last season at the expense of Brighton.

Reading open their season with a match against **Millwall** at the Berkshire town. They rejoice in the return of an old favourite in Willis, from Newcastle United. The "Lions" have signed on a fine list of players, and it will be no easy task in deciding who to leave out when choosing their teams.

The last match in the coupon is **Crystal Palace v. Portsmouth**. Both teams will contain new faces, although many of the old favourites remain. Last season the "Glaziers" gained a victory by two clear goals.

Coupon No. 2.

Competitors will be guided in their estimation of the capabilities of the various teams in Coupon No. 2 by the results of the games played during the first week of the season.

The matches at **Burnley, Preston,** and **Southend** will be very interesting, because of the fact that the home teams all gained promotion last season.

At Nottingham one of the deposed First League clubs, **Notts County**, are at home to **Birmingham**. This fixture should produce a keen struggle, and will show how the ex-First Leaguers shape against the team which narrowly missed promotion.

Two of the clubs which appear in Coupon No. 2, last year ran up high scores against their opponents. **Sunderland**, at Anfield, defeated **Liverpool** by five goals to two, and **Stockport County** easily accounted for **Leeds City** by six clear goals.

At this early stage of the season, before the teams have shaken down into something like form, it is not easy to forecast accurately, but it is not likely that Liverpool and Leeds will again fall such easy victims.

Professor Jephcott's Cases

By CHARLES O'MAHONY.

The Case of the Burglar.

I.

OLD Septimus Staville, the millionaire cotton manufacturer, was fond of giving princely entertainments at his houses in Manchester, Scotland, and London. Lancashire saw most of him, but he generally came to London for the months of April, May, and June, and it was at 304 Grosvenor Square that Professor Jephcott began his friendship with the self-made millionaire.

Septimus Staville had worked very hard until his fifty-second year, when, tired of amassing money, he had married, and now at seventy-four was a widower with a daughter of nineteen, known as Millicent, and more money than he could ever spend.

Jephcott thought Millicent Staville rather cold and proud. She was tall, with a white marble complexion and a pair of deep, thoughtful eyes that he had never seen smile. She was a first-rate singer and painter, and could do several practical things as though it were necessary that she should earn her own living. But she had no enthusiasms except her affection for her father, and certainly it was something sacred, this affection and understanding that drew them so closely together. Staville knew everybody, but his one friend was his daughter.

From the first, however, he indicated some interest in Professor Jephcott. It was partly personal and partly due to the hypnotist's art, for in making himself, Septimus Staville had not forgotten his education. Jephcott performed twice at Grosvenor Square and once at Staville Hall, Manchester, and then dropped out of Staville's life for about six months, until one morning he received a letter from the millionaire, asking him to spend a few days at Drellingham Manse, at a place called Dunoban, some thirty miles north of Edinburgh.

Jephcott accepted at once, for Staville was a generous employer, and in due course he entered the hall of the huge mansion that had once been a clergyman's residence until Staville had purchased and enlarged it.

There were seven other guests in the house, and to Jephcott's surprise these consisted of two famous painters, a well-known lady traveller, two lady novelists, and a renowned prima-donna and her husband, the latter being a commission agent. That was how Jenkinson, the English butler, described Mr. John Stimlay.

Jephcott made the acquaintance of five of the guests in the picture gallery, where Mr. Staville was acting as guide to the party. The gallery, a magnificent apartment, contained about forty paintings altogether, but one stood out above all the others, a magnificent Rembrandt, over which the papers and critics had gone into ecstasies when Mr. Staville had paid sixty-five thousand pounds for it. It was a portrait of a lady, and it was rumoured freely that Staville had acquired it because he saw some resemblance to his own daughter in it.

The first dinner gong broke up the party, and everybody went off to change. On his way upstairs Jephcott, inspired by curiosity, opened the door of the library and glanced in. He wished to see for himself if all the rooms in Drellingham Manse were on the same generous scale as the picture gallery.

The library was large and square and crowded with tempting-looking shelves of books of every variety of binding, and for the first minute as he glanced up at the long rows of volumes Jephcott thought he was alone. The next moment he heard a woman's sobs and started, and then to his amazement and embarrassment Millicent Staville passed him, giving a slight nod of recognition as she tried to conceal her face with her handkerchief. But he knew that she had been crying. Those sobs had come straight from her heart. And hitherto he had almost persuaded himself that Millicent Staville had not got a heart!

She was as self-possessed as ever when they all assembled at dinner, and as if to convince Jephcott of a mistake she actually took a leading part in the conversation, laughing and joking with the best of them in a way that made her the most popular person in the room.

But now and again Jephcott caught her eyeing him anxiously, and he knew Millicent Staville, usually proud and hard-mannered, had a secret that humanised her.

Early next morning Jephcott went for a walk. He had covered about five miles when he was startled by hearing Staville's voice on the other side of a thick hedge. At first he was under the impression that the old man was calling to him, but the next words convinced him of his error.

"You impertinent scoundrel!" roared the millionaire; "if I find you here within half-an-hour I'll have you thrown out. I own this land, I tell you, and I won't have a fortune-hunter use it to deceive a trusting girl, but she's found you out and—and hates you!"

For answer the younger man laughed.

"You don't believe me?" exclaimed Staville chokingly.

"I tell you to your face," said the stranger, "that you lie!"

The reply evidently proved too much for Staville's patience, for Jephcott heard him dash forward, there were sounds of a struggle, and then the hypnotist broke through the hedge to see a man of about twenty-five, dressed like an artist, lying on the ground with Septimus Staville standing over him.

"Who are——?" The millionaire paused, dumfounded.

"I couldn't help hearing you," said Jephcott. "I—I thought I might be of assistance."

"You can be to me," said the younger man. "You'll bear witness that I did not touch him. He struck me and I fell, and I'm afraid I've twisted my ankle. If he hadn't been Millicent's father I'd have taken him by the neck and taught him a lesson. But I'll get even with him for this. Oh!" The sudden exclamation of pain prevented an outburst from Jephcott.

"Perhaps you had better return home, Mr. Staville," Jephcott said. "I will attend to this gentleman."

Staville hesitated, glancing from the ground to the hypnotist; then with a few muttered words he strode from them, leaving Jephcott and the artist-lover face to face.

He now saw a fresh-faced, engaging-looking youth with curly hair, nursing his left ankle.

"I suppose I couldn't help you to walk?" said Jephcott.

"Thanks, but I am helpless."

"Very well, then," said the professor, "I will hurry as fast as I can. You'll remain here until I send someone."

"I'll have to."

Jephcott returned in an hour with a haycart, and into it helped to lift the young artist.

"Many thanks for your kindness," he whispered. "I hope you're not prejudiced. There's my card. Good-bye."

Jephcott took it and read the name, Cyril Everard, and the address, 97 Kingston Street, Chelsea.

The card did not reveal much beyond the fact that he thought he knew now the reason for Millicent Staville's sobs. She was in love with young Everard, and for the first time in her life she and her father did not agree.

II.

The night was hot, and Jephcott, as he turned and re-turned in his bed, felt that he would never sleep again. He rose, and putting on a dressing-gown walked about the room, but the place was stuffy and the open windows scarcely relieved the pressure.

"I'll go down and look at the pictures," he said, anxious to escape from his room.

Fortunately there was nobody about, for although it was past midnight he had been afraid that others like himself might seek escape from the heat and go to the large, cool apartment that housed the Staville collection. But the gallery was empty, and he selected a large armchair and sank into it, already feeling better for the change.

Suddenly he rose to his feet as he realised that he had fallen asleep and had been awakened by the cold. For a few moments he stared into the gloom, and feeling oddly nervous switched on the electric light. He had scarcely done so when to his amazement he found himself confronted by a tall figure wearing a long cloak from which a steady hand extended clutching a revolver.

"A word and I'll shoot," said the voice, and even in his surprise Jephcott could detect that its tone was assumed.

"If business is meant I'll not stir," said Jephcott quietly; "if it is a joke you might let me get to bed. I'm beastly cold."

"I'll shoot if you move," repeated the disguised voice.

Jephcott looked at the figure closely, but the mask completely covered the face save for the eyes. He stared hard into them while the burglar stood and watched him.

"I'd advise you to clear out," said Jephcott, in a low voice. "Everything of value in this house is locked up. You'll never get at it. Take my advice and go."

The burglar did not answer for a minute.

"Keep still!" he muttered at last. "I want to make sure that nobody else is about."

"Very well," whispered Jephcott, his eyes fixed on the burglar's.

For quite five minutes—and very long five minutes they seemed—Jephcott and the burglar stood face to face until the hypnotist, now sure that he had hypnotised him, ordered him to put the revolver down.

The burglar obeyed mechanically.

"What did you come here for?" Jephcott asked.

No answer.

"Lead me to the things you wished to steal!" ordered the professor.

There was a moment's hesitation, and then the burglar, placing the revolver in the pocket of his overcoat, walked over to the Rembrandt, the pride of the Staville collection.

"Ha! So you want the Staville Rembrandt, do you?" cried Jephcott, in amazement. "You are no ordinary burglar, I see. But what would you do with it. It is so well known that——"

He was just in time. Had he spoken another word it would have been too late, but in a second he had gripped the wrist of the hand that held the dagger and prevented the destruction of one of the world's masterpieces. In a fury the burglar stabbed at the painting, but Jephcott held him back and finally succeeded in getting between him and the picture.

The struggle, however, ended the hypnotic trance. The burglar suddenly grew still, glanced about him wonderingly, and then seeing Jephcott muttered something and made for the door.

The professor dashed after him, and at the door they met, but the burglar turned and dealt him a blow between the eyes, and when Jephcott recovered half-an-hour afterwards he was lying on his back on the floor, a tiny pool of blood near his head. Weak and half-fainting, he managed nevertheless to crawl to his room, and he literally fell on his bed to spend most of the hours before dawn in an unconscious condition.

Rimmer fortunately brought the hot water earlier that morning than usual, and so Jephcott was able to whisper an order for a doctor. Long before the latter came old Staville was beside Jephcott's bed, but some hours elapsed before the professor could fulfil the medical man's confident prophecy that he would be able to sit up and talk very soon.

"The scoundrel!" cried Staville indignantly, when Jephcott told him of the night's adventure. "I suppose you couldn't identify the man if you saw him again?"

"I might," answered the professor doubtfully. "He was rather tall and, judging by the strength of the blow he gave me, I should think he was quite young."

The millionaire said nothing for some moments.

"Have you any idea of his identity?" he said suddenly.

"Not the slightest. He was not an ordinary burglar, quite apart from the assumed voice it is clear that he didn't come to steal. He came to injure your most valuable picture."

"Exactly. It is clearly a case of revenge," said Staville suggestively.

"Who would attempt such a crime?" exclaimed Jephcott.

The millionaire smiled grimly.

"Cyril Everard," he said, watching Jephcott's face.

"No—no! It can't be!" said the professor.

"You heard him say that he would get even with me? Well, his idea of getting even was to destroy my Rembrandt. Don't you understand me?"

"He doesn't look that sort."

"What have looks to do with it?" said Staville irritably. "I've heard so much about his looks that I'm sick of the subject. However, I've no right to worry you," he continued, changing his tone, "but I want you to do me a favour."

"Anything you ask——" began Jephcott.

"Of course I can trust you. The fact is, professor, I want this matter kept a secret. Nobody else must know. Above all, Millicent must never know. Frankly, I suspect young Everard, and I intend to put my suspicions to the test. If Millicent got to hear of that——"

"She would protest," said Jephcott quietly.

"You think she is in love with Everard?" asked Staville.

"I know she is. Miss Staville is a proud girl," said the professor, "and the sort who doesn't lightly fall in love. But once she centres her affections on anybody, then her decision is final. She will marry Cyril Everard if she wants to, Mr. Staville, and, after all, you can't blame her, for she has inherited her grit from you."

"How do you know she is in love with Everard?"

"Because I see her wasting away, Mr. Staville. Only the other day I heard Miss Staville sobbing as though her heart was broken. You know that she is not the sort of girl to cry for the sake of crying."

"Perhaps you are right," said Staville, as if speaking to himself. "It did occur to me that Millicent wasn't looking as well as usual. And yet if young Everard was guilty of the attack on you, Millicent must be told, and she must send him about his business."

"She would be the first to agree with you. But supposing Everard's innocence is proved?"

"I am so certain of his guilt that I pledge my word to you that if he is innocent I will withdraw my opposition to the match."

"Then for Miss Staville's sake, sir," answered Jephcott, "I hope he is innocent."

It said something for Jephcott's vitality that he

Your seaside holiday cost nearly £10. The slum-child's seaside fortnight costs only 10s.

should be able to come downstairs next day, little the worse for his adventure save for a certain pallor of the skin.

Evidently his secret had been well kept or else the other guests had received an intimation not to question him, for they never referred to it at all and no inquiries were made. And yet he knew that it was going to have an appreciable effect upon the house party. Consciously or unconsciously it shortened everybody's stay, and before another forty-eight hours they were all thinking of taking their leave.

"I'm off to-morrow, old chap," said Stimlay, meeting him in the billiard-room. "And as I'm going early I'll say good-bye now."

"Turning in so soon?" said Jephcott, glancing at the clock over the fireplace.

"Our train leaves Dunoban at eight, and we breakfast at half-past six."

"Haven't you time for fifty up?" suggested Jephcott.

He knew Stimlay to be a first-class amateur player and passionately fond of billiards.

"I—um—yes, I think I'll take you on. Just fifty, you know. Mustn't be more, as the wife is waiting."

It was an idle fancy of Jephcott's to suggest the game. Somehow he had a vague idea that he would like to know more about Mr. Stimlay, the only member of the party who was not well-known, and whose source of income appeared to be his wife's profession.

The game was played in silence save for an occasional exclamation from Stimlay as he scraped the ball with his cue or missed it altogether.

"You're dead out of form," said Jephcott, replacing his cue in the rack, the winner by fifty to thirty-nine. "How did you hurt your wrist?"

The question brought a dull flush into the face of the pale, nervous, and cadaverous man of forty.

"My—my wrist?" he stammered. "Yes, of course. It's been paining me ever since I came here. Must see a specialist when I get back to town."

Jephcott said nothing. From the first he had suspected John Stimlay, though he had nothing to go upon except a certain resemblance in his carriage and gait to that of the mysterious burglar who had attempted to destroy the priceless Rembrandt. But the weak wrist confirmed his suspicions. He had gripped him hard and viciously that night to prevent his committing a crime against Art. It was all nonsense of the man to talk about the wrist having been weak since his arrival at Drellingham Manse, for he had seen Stimlay perform wonders on the billiard table during the early days of the house party.

With thoughtful slowness Jephcott made his way to the gallery to look once more at the great picture and to wonder why Stimlay should wish to injure it. What quarrel had he with Septimus Staville? The two men appeared to be on intimate terms.

"Well, this ill-wind is going to blow good to two persons at least," he murmured, entering the gallery, "and they are Millicent Staville and Cyril Everard."

He expected to find the gallery deserted, but to his surprise Staville was standing in front of the Rembrandt.

"I've just said good-bye to Stimlay," Jephcott remarked casually. "He's off early, isn't he?"

"Yes. A big deal calls him to town. By the way," added Staville, "I think Mr. Stimlay ought to be told about the attack on the picture. He would be interested."

"So would anybody," said Jephcott. "It isn't every day that an attempt is made to destroy a Rembrandt."

"No, of course not, but you see it was through Stimlay that I bought it. He deals in pictures and things like that. You know the firm of Wellerby & Prophet?"

"You don't mean to tell me that he's a member of the firm?"

"He is the firm. Wellerby died six years ago and Israel Prophet, the surviving partner, retired two years later, leaving Stimlay sole proprietor. He's a clever man, is Stimlay."

"And do you know I've been wondering what he was," said the professor, with a laugh. "I must confess to have persuaded myself that he lived on his wife's earnings."

Staville laughed quietly.

"Stimlay makes twenty thousand a year. Why, I believe out of this transaction alone"—he pointed to the Rembrandt—"he cleared a good fifteen thousand."

To gain time for thought Jephcott walked up to the painting and gazed at it.

Why had Stimlay tried to destroy it? The question rang through his brain. Suddenly he turned to the millionaire.

"I presume you had expert advice before paying for it?"

"I may be old, Mr. Jephcott, but I'm not a fool," said Staville, with a touch of irritability. "You don't suppose I relied upon my own judgment. Dr. Dreichmann, of Antwerp, was good enough for me."

"He is admittedly the greatest authority on Rembrandt," said Jephcott quietly.

"Are you?" asked Staville sardonically. He appeared to be somewhat incensed at Jephcott's doubts.

There was a pregnant pause.

"Look here, Mr. Staville," said Jephcott with dramatic suddenness, "I am not an authority on Rembrandt, but I pride myself upon knowing something about human nature. The man who attacked me and your painting that night was John Stimaly, and I'll swear that his motive was the knowledge that your Rembrandt is a forgery and that discovery was close at hand. I don't care for your Dr. Dreichmann. He may be a confederate. Get three independent opinions, and if I am wrong I will pay their fees and expenses."

For quite five seconds Staville stood and stared at Jephcott in a silence more eloquent than words.

"Stimlay the burglar?" he whispered. "You're not serious, professor?"

"I am. Stimlay has defrauded you out of thousands of pounds, and he took advantage of his presence in the house to try to remove the evidence of his guilt."

"How can you prove your charge?"

"The experts will if they pronounce that picture a forgery."

"But Stimlay, the great art dealer, the——"

"Send for three independent experts," persisted Jephcott. "And while you are about it, Mr. Staville, you may as well tell Miss Millicent that you withdraw your objections to young Everard."

Staville glanced at him sharply, and then, as if unable to trust his voice, left the gallery.

But in the morning he came to Jephcott and apologised for his abruptness.

"I took my courage in both hands," he said, "and told Millicent she might see young Everard, and, professor, I feel like a new man. My daughter's happiness has made me happy again. As for the experts, I have telegraphed to Scott, Franklin, and Brightwell, and the fees I offer will bring them here to-morrow. Right or wrong, professor, it will cost you nothing, for even if Stimlay is innocent my daughter is happy."

The experts came, saw the picture, and smiled. Professor Scott, who always took himself with great seriousness, surprised Staville by demanding angrily why he had wasted his time by bringing him so far north on a foolish errand.

"The thing's an obvious forgery," he said with a snort. "Good morning, sir. I would scorn to take a fee for such child's work."

Franklin and Brightwell were more courteous, but in the end could only confirm Scott.

The art dealer collapsed when confronted with the testimony of the three experts, and was only too glad to return the purchase price of the picture with five per cent. interest, but the deal killed the firm of Wellerby & Prophet, and London art circles saw no more of John Stimlay.

Septimus Staville handed over the sum of fifty thousand pounds to a famous hospital. The papers said it was to celebrate the marriage of his daughter to Mr. Cyril Everard, the rising artist, but Staville would neither confirm nor deny the statement. Jephcott was one of the few who knew the truth about the forged Rembrandt, and he kept the secret to the end.

"I DID a charitable act to-day," remarked the bald-headed chemist, as he sat down to dinner.

"I'm glad to hear it, dear," remarked his wife. "Tell me about it."

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," replied the pill-compiler. "One of my assistants wanted an increase in salary so that he could get married, and I refused to give it to him."

"Father," inquired the little brain-twister,
"If two girls are twins, is each a half-sister?"

This LINE-RICK WON £10.

This Week—1st Prize £10; 2nd Prize £5; Ten Prizes of £1.

NO ENTRY FEE.

LINE-RICKS is a simple rhyming competition that should appeal to every reader of *P.W.* You take any one line in this copy of *P.W.*—it doesn't matter if it is in the reading matter or in the advertisements—and you make up a second line to rhyme with it.

To show you exactly what is meant, you will find on page 289, column 1, line 62, the line:

"He ventured to call again,"

and you add a second rhyming line, such, for example, as:

"That pedlar is now a stain."

You can, if you like, choose your line from one of the titles of the articles or stories in this number. Suppose you choose the title to the article on page 282:

"Treasure on the beach."

Then you could add the line:

"Is not in Slumland's reach."

You may choose a line from the advertisement columns if you wish. Here is a line taken from the Globe Metal Polish advertisement on page 297.

"It doesn't cost any more than the ordinary kind."

and you add a second line:

"It's Globe Metal Polish that I have in my mind."

Such a couplet as this we call a Line-rick.

Now set to work to make a Line-rick.

To the reader from whom the Editor receives what is considered to be the best Line-rick will be awarded the first prize of £10. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

When you have chosen your line, write it in full on the coupon below, together with the number of page, column, and line, then fill in your second rhyming line, your name and address, and put it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post to arrive not later than first post Tuesday morning, September 9th. Mark your envelope "Line-rick No. 9" in the top left-hand corner.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, provided each is on a separate coupon.

LINE-RICK No. 9.

Page..... *Column*..... *Line*.....

Line chosen .....

.....

Rhyming line .....

.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Name .....

Address .....

RESULT OF LINE-RICKS No. 6.

The first prize of £10 has been awarded to:
J. H. ROUND, 8 Bean Rd., Dudley, for the Line-Rick:
Line chosen—"Father," inquired the little brain-twister,
Rhyming line—"If two girls are twins, is each a half-sister?"

The second prize of £5 has been awarded to:
W. T. TIMBERLAKE, 66 Belgrave Rd., Walthamstow, Essex, for the Line-Rick:
Line chosen—One parent, who is a small grocer, frankly states
Rhyming line—That the sand in his sugar, pays for his rates.

Ten prizes of £1 each have been awarded to:
Mrs. Margaret Wilson, 168 Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.
James Lovegrove, 42 Adwell Sq., Henley-on-Thames.
R. A. Flew, G. W. Ry. Offices, Swindon, Wilts.
F. C. Randall, Waterloo St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
R. Souter, 8 Brown St., Renfrew, Scotland.
J. Kingston, 12 Riverdale Ave., Brighton St., Hull.
W. P. Hines, 47 Tennyson Rd., Birmingham.
P. Slavin, Heatherville, Main St., Fauldhouse, N.B.
G. Hardy, 1 South Ave., Harton, South Shields.
H. R. Steggall, 3 Ascot Rd., Tooting, S.W.

Here are Some Very Clever Attempts Sent in This Week.

If all the girls were on Mars and all the men on earth,
Each man a "Flapper" would become and "flap" for all he's worth.

"Father," inquired the little brain-twister,
"Will Anna be an anarchist 'cos Mr. Blister kissed her?"

Love makes your eyes shine as soap makes your nose
And makes your heart ache just as corns do your toes.

Dry-eyed the two sisters look at each other,
They've left the onions to be peeled by mother.

"Antipon is the only product I have ever met
"That makes a man lose 'pounds' and 'pounds' without the least regret."

"Father," inquired the little brain-twister,
"If ladies are first, why was I born before sister?"

Completely done up
Sausage-maker's Pup.

Why the ring was given back
Pa's acid look had turned it black.

By Hook or by Crookery Purchase HOME COOKERY.

HOW WARSHIPS WILL USE OIL.

The Grimy and Perspiring Stoker Will Probably be a Relic of the Past.

During the recent naval manœuvres several of our Dreadnoughts were driven by liquid fuel, oil taking the place of coal. In many quarters it is prophesied that we are on the eve of a new naval era, and that the authorities are shortly to equip our battleships with oil-burning plant, coal being dispensed with for propelling purposes. This forecast is supported by the fact that the First Sea Lord is at present working on a plan to place great oil tanks along the British coast, for the use of the Navy.

The manner in which oil is used for propelling purposes on battleships is very simple. The oil is sprayed with a current of air through burners so placed that the jets of flame impinge upon fire bricks in the furnace of the boilers. The heat obtained in this manner is enormous, steam can be got up in a few minutes by turning on a tap. Two men will be able to attend to a nest of water-tube boilers heated by oil, which would require a dozen stokers and trimmers to keep going with coal.

Amongst the many advantages of oil as a fuel is the ease with which it can be transported. Oil can be pumped from one ship to another, and thus can easily be transferred at sea even in rough weather. At present coaling at sea in anything but a perfect calm is an extremely dangerous operation.

So convinced are the authorities that oil will prove the future driving force for our battleships that during recent years they have erected huge oil fuel storage tanks at Turnchapel, near Plymouth, on the Medway, and at various naval bases at home and abroad.

The grimy and perspiring stoker will be a relic of the past if oil fuel comes into general use in the Navy. One of the greatest advantages of this form of power is the elimination of the ash and clinker which is left behind by coal. It is this grit and coal dust which render the atmosphere of the average stokehold so unbearable. Oil fuel produces no such waste material as this, it does not throw off great heat from the furnaces, and all the stoker will have to do will be to look after a number of taps, instead of shovelling masses of coal into the fiery furnaces.

Although oil is slightly more expensive than coal, which latter is every year increasing in price, in the long run it will make for economy. About sixteen tons of oil generates as much steam as twenty-five tons of coal.

An instance of the economy of oil fuel occurred recently when a steamer burning oil fuel was taken from Hull to London with only one Chinaman in the stokehold.

One important reason why the naval authorities are in favour of oil fuel is that it would greatly increase the accommodation on board our battleships. In Dreadnoughts propelled by coal an enormous amount of space is taken up by bunkers, and the accommodation necessary for a large number of stokers. With oil fuel much of this space would be available for storing ammunition and an extra number of seamen and gunners could be carried.

Should Old Letters be Kept?

If They Are Likely to Cause Pain—"No." If Not—"Yes."

Twice recently, old letters have played a great part in sensational law suits. One was the Murray Scott will case, the other one in which the brother of a well-known explorer is accused of using moneys entrusted to him for investment to his own advantage.

If you read the records of lawsuits set out daily in the Press, you must certainly feel that it is almost the worst of blunders to save old letters, and that every private letter ought to be destroyed as soon as read.

Yet there is another side to the shield. If all old letters were destroyed, where would material be found for the many delightful and entertaining life stories of celebrated people, and for the memoirs which are so widely read?

A great author or artist or politician as a rule puts more of himself into his letters than into his work, and such letters are wisely cherished by those to whom they are written. Often they form the only means whereby those who come after can get any real insight into the character of the man who penned them. History would be far poorer if all such letters had been destroyed.

Even in courts of law a letter may at times prove the means of righting wrong.

Two years ago, the young wife of a naval officer received a series of anonymous letters containing cruel and abominable accusations. An unmarried woman—previously a friend of the wife—was suspected, but prosecution was impossible without some proof.

In one of the anonymous letters the word "skinny" was spelt with one "n" only. As it happened, the wife had kept a letter previously received from her once friend, in which the same word was spelt in the same way. This letter produced in court went far to cause the conviction of the sender of the anonymous communications, who was very heavily fined.

An old letter has more than once been the clue to fortune. Some years ago there died suddenly in New York an elderly lady whose name was Mrs. Marsh. She left her estate by will to Mrs. Hansing, but entirely omitted to state where the latter was to be found. Her executors advertised, but received no reply. Then they made an exhaustive search through the papers of the deceased lady.

In the drawer of an old desk they at last found a letter written seventeen years earlier by the very woman they wanted. In this, Mrs. Hansing mentioned that she was leaving England where she had been living, for Toronto, Canada.

The clue was enough. The old letter was the means of Mrs. Hansing receiving the comfortable little sum of £12,000.

Then think of the treasures in the way of old and rare stamps which would have been lost to the world if all old letters had been destroyed! It was only a few years ago that an English schoolboy, delving into a chest of old letters kept in an attic, discovered an envelope with two strange-looking stamps which proved to be the 1d. and 2d. "Post Office" Mauritius. They were sold to a well-known collector for £2,600.

Enough has been said to prove that a wise discretion should be used. By all means burn at once any letters that might cause pain or grief if seen by other eyes, but others—clever, pleasantly interesting letters—these keep.

Shattering Sheerness

The Big Naval Guns at Practice Work Cause All Sorts of Damage to Towns, Birds, and Fish.

Some little time ago there was a curious question asked in Parliament. Lord Dalrymple inquired of Mr. McKenna whether he would arrange for the Fleet to carry out their heavy-gun firing practice at some other time of year than the middle of harvest, "when the resultant heavy rains may cause serious loss to the farming community."

Whether the tremendous vibrations set up by the firing of 12-inch guns actually do precipitate rain or no is a much discussed question, but of other damage done by these monstrous weapons there is no doubt at all.

Only a few weeks ago, the concussion caused by the practice firing of the 9·2 battery guns at Sheerness did no end of harm. Glass was broken all over the place, including a big plate-glass window in the Railway Hotel, and part of the ceiling in the post-office came down with a crash. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that no compensation is paid.

Eggs, too, were broken in shops. Eggs are very susceptible to explosions. When the big nitro-glycerine explosion occurred at Ardeer in Ayrshire, some years ago, every egg in the shops at Irvine, a mile and a quarter away, was cracked or broken.

Herring fishermen declare that the shoals of fish are driven down into deep water by gun firing, and they are probably quite right. On Dartmoor rivers, when artillery practice is in progress at Okehampton, the rise of trout is sometimes completely checked.

Birds, again, are often killed by the concussion produced by the firing of heavy guns. In June last, many hundreds of dead sea birds were washed up on the coast of Argyllshire. These birds, which were principally guillemots and puffins, were killed by the concussion of big guns during shooting practice near Colonsay.

Another curious result of the aerial vibrations produced by these tremendous explosions is the breaking away of overhanging cliffs. Quite considerable land slides have been produced in this way.

When the ten 13·5-inch guns of the *Orion* were tested in September, 1911, all the guns were fired at once in order that the effect upon the super-Dreadnought's hull might be observed.

Though the ship itself was undamaged by this terrific broadside, the firing had a number of curious effects.

Hundreds of plates and thick glass windows and skylights were smashed by the force of the concussion, which, extraordinary as it may seem, was even sufficient to burst open a number of tins of golden syrup in the canteen.

The most amazing damage of all was due to the fire from the central barbette, when the bottom of a boat fell clean out.

PHOTOS ON FINGER NAILS.

Some of the Newest Notions Adopted by the Smart Set.

One of the latest crazes of the Society lady is to have her photo taken with her eyes closed, as if in sleep.

Society is now utilising the art of the tattooist for beautifying the appearance. Pale complexions are delicately tinted by the tattoo-needle until they assume a permanent and apparently natural pinkness. Eyebrows are made to appear thicker by cunningly inserted black lines, and a slight shade of carmine introduced over thin upper lips to make them appear thicker and more shapely.

Gold fish are now unpopular with Society. The latest fad is for silver fish. These pets are produced by experts, who secure fish of the correct size and keep them in water containing chemicals, such as peat, chalk, and iron. After a week or so the fish are transformed into an extraordinary silvery blue, quite distinct from the ordinary species of silver-scaled fish, but they do not live long.

Continental Society is at the present time very enthusiastic over a new and novel form of portrait painting. Artists skilled with the brush paint minute portraits on the smooth finger nails of Society beauties. These are copied from photographs of friends of the lady who wishes her nail or nails to be so decorated, and these tiny pictures being enamelled with specially-prepared paint, they do not rub off when the owner washes her fingers.

Flying has already become very popular with the smart set, and up-to-date hostesses now ask cracks such as Hamel and Hucks to visit their "At Homes" and give exhibitions over their expansive lawns.

The latest popular outdoor pastime is the smashing of pottery. Such articles as cups and saucers are ranged on wooden shelves, and members of the smart set endeavour to demolish them by hurling wooden balls at this array. The china is generally decorated with the features of some unpopular politician, and zest is thus added to the smashing process, which is regarded as a "nerve cure."

The fashionable Society woman no longer carries a box of sweetmeats with her when going to the theatre. Her escort provides her with a bouquet, the leaves and blooms of which are composed of candy and tinted marzipan. This bouquet is picked to pieces and eaten, as every part of it is appetising.

Society always enjoys novelties, and the latest craze is that of having umbrella heads modelled to represent the features of one's friends. These portraits are executed by well-known French caricaturists, and are fitted to the sunshades or umbrellas of smart set beauties.

A Society dressmaker has achieved considerable popularity in fashionable circles by an ingenious method of flattering her fair customers. Whilst trying on new hats an artist concealed behind a screen close by swiftly sketches the unconscious visitor's features. When the hat is delivered the customer finds a portrait of herself pasted on to the hat-box.

The Queen who Puts her Foot Down

Some Stories of the Girl Ruler of Luxemburg Who has Just Become Engaged.

EUROPE'S youngest and probably prettiest ruler is to marry Prince Henry of Bavaria.

She is a girl of nineteen, and is Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, one of Europe's toy countries, which lies tucked away between France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. It is as independent as Britain, except that it has agreed to the Powers' demand that it shall never take sides in a war.

Her subjects number fewer than a quarter of a million, and her country has the easily remembered area of 999 square miles—about thirty long by thirty broad. It talks a weird language of its own—partly French, partly German, and containing hundreds of words just like English.

The Grand Duchess is a strong friend of France. The chief attraction for tourists about her capital, which is surrounded by cliffs and is nearly as strong as Gibraltar, is that all the church bells, before striking the hour, play gay little snatches from opera and musical comedy, ending always in a local chorus: "We mean to be just what we are. We never will be German!"

The youthful Grand Duchess has been a "surprise packet" for her country, and for the big countries round her, who naturally thought that so young a girl would be open to pressure. She has a will of her own. Just after succeeding to the throne, at the mature age of eighteen, she flatly refused her consent to a Bill that had passed Parliament and the Council of State, and had even been approved and signed by her mother, who for some years had been ruling the country as Regent.

She is very proud of her country and its independence and runs it with a ceremonious state that would not disgrace a country ten times its size. She once said, at a time when Germany was hinting at the advantages of German friendship, "Our friend Wilhelm does not seem to realise that brains may be cultivated without moustaches." Or so the proud Luxembourgeois repeat.

She is the oldest of seven girls, and has been known to tell, with a smile, a story of her youngest sister's birth. A hundred and one guns were to be fired for the birth of a prince, twenty-three for a princess. All Luxemburg was anxiously hoping for a boy after the long run of girls. The cannon started firing. By some mistake the salutes stopped at twenty. A little boy holding his father's hand looked up at him in despair, with the sad remark, "Not even a girl this time, dad!"

CORRECTED.

THE face of the young man was rueful, and the lawyer he was interviewing looked exceedingly grave. It was a breach of promise case, and the man of law, who could see nothing but heavy damages as the ultimate outcome, lectured the young man to some purpose.

"Oh, yes," the latter said impatiently. "I know all about it! The same old story, 'Do right, and fear nothing!'"

"No, no, that's not it at all," said the lawyer shrewdly. "What I meant to impress upon you was, 'Don't write and fear nothing!'"

Down Slates and Pencils

When Children Have Gone On Strike for a "Four Hour Day."

HASLINGTON, in Cheshire, which recently reached fame by means of a "Down books, slates, and pencils" strike because the children were not given the headmaster of their choice, is not the first village which has struck for children's rights.

But school strikes, as apart from school mutinies, are comparatively rare in England. Just over a year ago, however, Gaywood, near King's Lynn, was startled out of its usual sleepy existence by a strike of the school children whose battle cry was "We want a wooden floor, and we won't wait."

The strike was not without reason. Gaywood is in the middle of the marshland, and the children have often to wade to school along roads that are more than half water. They spend the whole day at school, and a concrete floor, which caused the strike, proved deadly cold compared to the old wooden floor, even when big fires were kept going all day long. They caught innumerable colds, and were thoroughly miserable.

It was for a very similar reason that the children of Chopwell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, refused to do their lessons. The roads there were so bad that the mud was over a foot and a half deep, and sending the children to school became positively dangerous.

In October, 1910, a little boy and girl of about seven and eight, came walking along the road to the school at Booker, a village in Buckinghamshire. All went well till they had nearly reached the school, when they were surrounded by a booing army of eighty school children, and were only rescued by the timely arrival of the headmaster.

Those two children were the son and daughter of the caretaker of the Isolation Hospital, about a mile away, and the juvenile mind, led by one George Lancaster, aged thirteen and a half, feared the two innocents would bring all the diseases of the hospital with them to school.

Curiously enough, the strike was successful, and the children of the caretaker were sent to another school.

Twenty years ago an epidemic of school striking broke out everywhere. The motto of the strikers was "Fewer lessons and shorter hours." They were well organised, too, for the boys struck simultaneously at Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Greenock, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Liverpool, Leeds, parts of London, Brighton, and other places. But firm measures prevailed, and their dream of a four-hour day and no home lessons was very short-lived.

IN FOR A GOOD TIME.

MR. MACTAVISH attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds. In the midst of the celebrations Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, man," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet, with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish; "I'm no' goin' yet, but I'm biddin' ye good night while I know ye all."

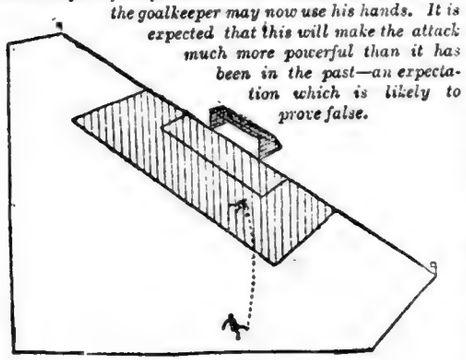
ONE BACK—SIX FORWARDS.

Footer Teams are Badly Arranged. One Back and Six Forwards Would Mean More Goals and Better Gates, says Our Sporting Contributor.

THE Football Association have realised that goals are not scored in sufficient numbers to please even the least enthusiastic spectator. The draw of no-scoring which was the feature of last season's League games has been under the review of the "powers that be" to see if there is no possibility of obviating it. On all sides it is recognised that the defence is too powerful for the attack.

The International Board, which is entrusted with the revision of the football rules, to obviate this has shorn the goalkeeper of some of his powers. Nowadays the goalkeeper cannot handle a ball outside the penalty area. Formerly he could handle a ball inside his own half of the field.

The shaded part of the picture shows the reduced area in which the goalkeeper may now use his hands. It is expected that this will make the attack much more powerful than it has been in the past—an expectation which is likely to prove false.



As a matter of fact, this change of law was passed by the International Board last year, but it was rendered inoperative through a slip on the part of the Board, who forgot to alter another law which had a direct bearing on this point. The two laws were, therefore, contradictory, and hence the law had to be passed this year again.

To say the least of it, this change of rule will not cause more goals to be scored. I do not believe it will affect the attack very much, as it is not the goalkeeper but the backs that need to be shorn of their present powers. Until that is done by the International Board the matter is only being "tinkered" with.

To settle the question of the mastery of defence over attack once and for all, the present formation of the team should be altered to one goalkeeper, one back, three half-backs, and six forwards.

It is worth noting that any team can arrange its formation as it pleases, as there is no rule on the matter, but until the Football Association makes it imperative that the formation of the team has to be as above, it is useless for one team only to change its formation.

An extra man to the attack would mean a great deal indeed, especially when the defence is deprived of a back. The only argument which could be used against such a formation is that it might lead to more offside decisions. I do not think it would.

It is a matter for great regret that the offside law is not well understood. As a matter of fact, it is easier for an experienced forward to play against the one-back game than it is to play against the two-back or ordinary game. It only means a little more individualistic play as against combined play, which has not been the success which was anticipated years ago, when individualism was denounced as being out of date and unworthy of great footballers.

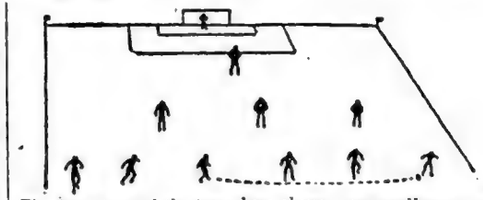
It would mean, too, a quickening of the forward division. Speed would be the great factor in a football team, especially among the forwards. At the present time there are some people who think the game is too quick. My opinion is that it is not, provided that more individualism is allowed to be introduced. If not, there is too much speed at the present time. That is all the change in the game which this new formation of the team would mean; and, considering the great discontent over the small scoring, it is worthy of a trial.

It will have to come some day in the near future. That is certain, as the longer the present formation is kept the more dissatisfied will spectators become.

It is worthy of note that there used to be six forwards in the front division, and in those days tall scoring was the order. There is nothing which pleases spectators more than a crop of goals—and the only way to secure that is to revert to the old formation as mentioned above.

Moreover, one back is quite capable, provided he uses the offside rule intelligently, of circumventing the six forwards. Many people will not think that. This arises from the fact that not one back out of ten takes the best advantage of the rules at his disposal, and especially the offside rule.

The new formation suggested would certainly produce high scoring, and that is the most desired reform at the present time.



The formation of the team here shown—one goalkeeper, one back, three half-backs, and six forwards—is probably the only satisfactory way to obviate the present mastery of the defence over the attack.

HOW WARSHIPS WILL USE OIL.

The Grimy and Perspiring Stoker Will Probably be a Relic of the Past.

During the recent naval manœuvres several of our Dreadnoughts were driven by liquid fuel, oil taking the place of coal. In many quarters it is prophesied that we are on the eve of a new naval era, and that the authorities are shortly to equip our battleships with oil-burning plant, coal being dispensed with for propelling purposes. This forecast is supported by the fact that the First Sea Lord is at present working on a plan to place great oil tanks along the British coast, for the use of the Navy.

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Some little time ago there was a curious question asked in Parliament. Lord Dalrymple inquired of Mr. McKenna whether he would arrange for the Fleet to carry out their heavy-gun firing practice at some other time of year than the middle of harvest, "when the resultant heavy rains may cause serious loss to the farming community."

Whether the tremendous vibrations set up by the firing of 12-inch guns actually do precipitate rain or no is a much discussed question, but of other damage done by these monstrous weapons there is no doubt at all.

Only a few weeks ago, the concussion caused by the practice firing of the 9·2 battery guns at Sheerness did no end of harm. Glass was broken all over the place, including a big plate-glass window in the Railway Hotel, and part of the ceiling in the post-office came down with a crash. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that no compensation is paid.

Eggs, too, were broken in shops. Eggs are very susceptible to explosions. When the big nitro-glycerine explosion occurred at Ardeer in Ayrshire, some years ago, every egg in the shops at Irvine, a mile and a quarter away, was cracked or broken.

Herring fishermen declare that the shoals of fish are driven down into deep water by gun firing, and they are probably quite right. On Dartmoor rivers, when artillery practice is in progress at Okehampton, the rise of trout is sometimes completely checked.

Birds, again, are often killed by the concussion produced by the firing of heavy guns. In June last, many hundreds of dead sea birds were washed up on the coast of Argyllshire. These birds, which were principally guillemots and puffins, were killed by the concussion of big guns during shooting practice near Colonsay.

Another curious result of the aerial vibrations produced by these tremendous explosions is the breaking away of overhanging cliffs. Quite considerable land slides have been produced in this way.

When the ten 13·5-inch guns of the *Orion* were tested in September, 1911, all the guns were fired at once in order that the effect upon the super-Dreadnought's hull might be observed.

Though the ship itself was undamaged by this terrific broadside, the firing had a number of curious effects.

Hundreds of plates and thick glass windows and skylights were smashed by the force of the concussion, which, extraordinary as it may seem, was even sufficient to burst open a number of tins of golden syrup in the canteen.

The most amazing damage of all was due to the fire from the central barbette, when the bottom of a boat fell clean out.

PHOTOS ON FINGER NAILS.

Some of the Newest Notions Adopted by the Smart Set.

One of the latest crazes of the Society lady is to have her photo taken with her eyes closed, as if in sleep.

Society is now utilising the art of the tattooist for beautifying the appearance. Pale complexions are delicately tinted by the tattoo-needle until they assume a permanent and apparently natural pinkness. Eyebrows are made to appear thicker by cunningly inserted black lines, and a slight shade of carmine introduced over thin upper lips to make them appear thicker and more shapely.

Gold fish are now unpopular with Society. The latest fad is for silver fish. These pets are produced by experts, who secure fish of the correct size and keep them in water containing chemicals, such as peat, chalk, and iron. After a week or so the fish are transformed into an extraordinary silvery blue, quite distinct from the ordinary species of silver-scaled fish, but they do not live long.

Continental Society is at the present time very enthusiastic over a new and novel form of portrait painting. Artists skilled with the brush paint minute portraits on the smooth finger nails of Society beauties. These are copied from photographs of friends of the lady who wishes her nail or nails to be so decorated, and these tiny pictures being enamelled with specially-prepared paint, they do not rub off when the owner washes her fingers.

Flying has already become very popular with the smart set, and up-to-date hostesses now ask cracks such as Hamel and Hucks to visit their "At Homes" and give exhibitions over their expansive lawns.

The latest popular outdoor pastime is the smashing of pottery. Such articles as cups and saucers are ranged on wooden shelves, and members of the smart set endeavour to demolish them by hurling wooden balls at this array. The china is generally decorated with the features of some unpopular politician, and zest is thus added to the smashing process, which is regarded as a "nerve cure."

The fashionable Society woman no longer carries a box of sweetmeats with her when going to the theatre. Her escort provides her with a bouquet, the leaves and blooms of which are composed of candy and tinted marzipan. This bouquet is picked to pieces and eaten, as every part of it is appetising.

Society always enjoys novelties, and the latest craze is that of having umbrella heads modelled to represent the features of one's friends. These portraits are executed by well-known French caricaturists, and are fitted to the sunshades or umbrellas of smart set beauties.

A Society dressmaker has achieved considerable popularity in fashionable circles by an ingenious method of flattering her fair customers. Whilst trying on new hats an artist concealed behind a screen close by swiftly sketches the unconscious visitor's features. When the hat is delivered the customer finds a portrait of herself pasted on to the hat-box.

The Queen who Puts her Foot Down

Some Stories of the Girl Ruler of Luxemburg Who has Just Become Engaged.

EUROPE'S youngest and probably prettiest ruler is to marry Prince Henry of Bavaria.

She is a girl of nineteen, and is Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, one of Europe's toy countries, which lies tucked away between France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. It is as independent as Britain, except that it has agreed to the Powers' demand that it shall never take sides in a war.

Her subjects number fewer than a quarter of a million, and her country has the easily remembered area of 999 square miles—about thirty long by thirty broad. It talks a weird language of its own—partly French, partly German, and containing hundreds of words just like English.

The Grand Duchess is a strong friend of France. The chief attraction for tourists about her capital, which is surrounded by cliffs and is nearly as strong as Gibraltar, is that all the church bells, before striking the hour, play gay little snatches from opera and musical comedy, ending always in a local chorus: "We mean to be just what we are. We never will be German!"

The youthful Grand Duchess has been a "surprise packet" for her country, and for the big countries round her, who naturally thought that so young a girl would be open to pressure. She has a will of her own. Just after succeeding to the throne, at the mature age of eighteen, she flatly refused her consent to a Bill that had passed Parliament and the Council of State, and had even been approved and signed by her mother, who for some years had been ruling the country as Regent.

She is very proud of her country and its independence and runs it with a ceremonious state that would not disgrace a country ten times its size. She once said, at a time when Germany was hinting at the advantages of German friendship, "Our friend Wilhelm does not seem to realise that brains may be cultivated without moustaches." Or so the proud Luxembourgeois repeat.

She is the oldest of seven girls, and has been known to tell, with a smile, a story of her youngest sister's birth. A hundred and one guns were to be fired for the birth of a prince, twenty-three for a princess. All Luxemburg was anxiously hoping for a boy after the long run of girls. The cannon started firing. By some mistake the salutes stopped at twenty. A little boy holding his father's hand looked up at him in despair, with the sad remark, "Not even a girl this time, dad!"

CORRECTED.

THE face of the young man was rueful, and the lawyer he was interviewing looked exceedingly grave. It was a breach of promise case, and the man of law, who could see nothing but heavy damages as the ultimate outcome, lectured the young man to some purpose.

"Oh, yes," the latter said impatiently. "I know all about it! The same old story, 'Do right, and fear nothing!'"

"No, no, that's not it at all," said the lawyer shrewdly. "What I meant to impress upon you was, 'Don't write and fear nothing!'"

Down Slates and Pencils

When Children Have Gone On Strike for a "Four Hour Day."

HASLINGTON, in Cheshire, which recently reached fame by means of a "Down books, slates, and pencils" strike because the children were not given the headmaster of their choice, is not the first village which has struck for children's rights.

But school strikes, as apart from school mutinies, are comparatively rare in England. Just over a year ago, however, Gaywood, near King's Lynn, was startled out of its usual sleepy existence by a strike of the school children whose battle cry was "We want a wooden floor, and we won't wait."

The strike was not without reason. Gaywood is in the middle of the marshland, and the children have often to wade to school along roads that are more than half water. They spend the whole day at school, and a concrete floor, which caused the strike, proved deadly cold compared to the old wooden floor, even when big fires were kept going all day long. They caught innumerable colds, and were thoroughly miserable.

It was for a very similar reason that the children of Chopwell, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, refused to do their lessons. The roads there were so bad that the mud was over a foot and a half deep, and sending the children to school became positively dangerous.

In October, 1910, a little boy and girl of about seven and eight, came walking along the road to the school at Booker, a village in Buckinghamshire. All went well till they had nearly reached the school, when they were surrounded by a booing army of eighty school children, and were only rescued by the timely arrival of the headmaster.

Those two children were the son and daughter of the caretaker of the Isolation Hospital, about a mile away, and the juvenile mind, led by one George Lancaster, aged thirteen and a half, feared the two innocents would bring all the diseases of the hospital with them to school.

Curiously enough, the strike was successful, and the children of the caretaker were sent to another school.

Twenty years ago an epidemic of school striking broke out everywhere. The motto of the strikers was "Fewer lessons and shorter hours." They were well organised, too, for the boys struck simultaneously at Dundee, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Greenock, Edinburgh, Cardiff, Liverpool, Leeds, parts of London, Brighton, and other places. But firm measures prevailed, and their dream of a four-hour day and no home lessons was very short-lived.

IN FOR A GOOD TIME.

MR. MACTAVISH attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds. In the midst of the celebrations Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, man," objected the host, "ye're not goin' yet, with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish; "I'm no' goin' yet, but I'm biddin' ye good night while I know ye all."

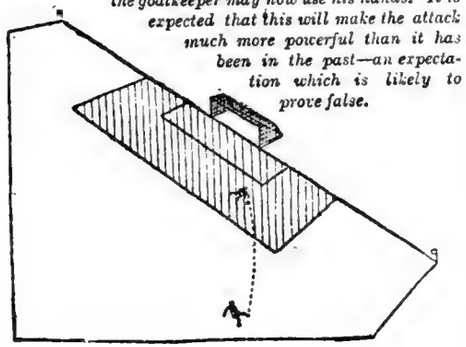
ONE BACK—SIX FORWARDS.

Footer Teams are Badly Arranged. One Back and Six Forwards Would Mean More Goals and Better Gates, says Our Sporting Contributor.

THE Football Association have realised that goals are not scored in sufficient numbers to please even the least enthusiastic spectator. The draw of no-scoring which was the feature of last season's League games has been under the review of the "powers that be" to see if there is no possibility of obviating it. On all sides it is recognised that the defence is too powerful for the attack.

The International Board, which is entrusted with the revision of the football rules, to obviate this has shorn the goalkeeper of some of his powers. Nowadays the goalkeeper cannot handle a ball outside the penalty area. Formerly he could handle a ball inside his own half of the field.

The shaded part of the picture shows the reduced area in which the goalkeeper may now use his hands. It is expected that this will make the attack much more powerful than it has been in the past—an expectation which is likely to prove false.



As a matter of fact, this change of law was passed by the International Board last year, but it was rendered inoperative through a slip on the part of the Board, who forgot to alter another law which had a direct bearing on this point. The two laws were, therefore, contradictory, and hence the law had to be passed this year again.

To say the least of it, this change of rule will not cause more goals to be scored. I do not believe it will affect the attack very much, as it is not the goalkeeper but the backs that need to be shorn of their present powers. Until that is done by the International Board the matter is only being "tinkered" with.

To settle the question of the mastery of defence over attack once and for all, the present formation of the team should be altered to one goalkeeper, one back, three half-backs, and six forwards.

It is worth noting that any team can arrange its formation as it pleases, as there is no rule on the matter, but until the Football Association makes it imperative that the formation of the team has to be as above, it is useless for one team only to change its formation.

An extra man to the attack would mean a great deal indeed, especially when the defence is deprived of a back. The only argument which could be used against such a formation is that it might lead to more offside decisions. I do not think it would.

It is a matter for great regret that the offside law is not well understood. As a matter of fact, it is easier for an experienced forward to play against the one-back game than it is to play against the two-back or ordinary game. It only means a little more individualistic play as against combined play, which has not been the success which was anticipated years ago, when individualism was denounced as being out of date and unworthy of great footballers.

It would mean, too, a quickening of the forward division. Speed would be the great factor in a football team, especially among the forwards. At the present time there are some people who think the game is too quick. My opinion is that it is not, provided that more individualism is allowed to be introduced. If not, there is too much speed at the present time. That is all the change in the game which this new formation of the team would mean; and, considering the great discontent over the small scoring, it is worthy of a trial.

It will have to come some day in the near future. That is certain, as the longer the present formation is kept the more dissatisfied will spectators become.

It is worthy of note that there used to be six forwards in the front division, and in those days tall scoring was the order. There is nothing which pleases spectators more than a crop of goals—and the only way to secure that is to revert to the old formation as mentioned above.

Moreover, one back is quite capable, provided he uses the offside rule intelligently, of circumventing the six forwards. Many people will not think that. This arises from the fact that not one back out of ten takes the best advantage of the rules at his disposal, and especially the offside rule.

The new formation suggested would certainly produce high scoring, and that is the most desired reform at the present time.

The formation of the team here shown—one goalkeeper, one back, three half-backs, and six forwards—is probably the only satisfactory way to obviate the present mastery of the defence over the attack.

A Humorous Tale of "Crooked" Folk.
By MYLES MYLTON.

His name appeared on the voters' list, the directory, the charge sheet, and other public records as "Joshua Vulcher," and, when it became necessary, his occupation was set down as "commission agent"; but to his clients and customers Mr. Vulcher was known only as "Josh," and his calling was then described with a very meaning wink.

To explain this seeming enigma it must be mentioned that the peculiar nature of Josh's business demanded expedition, secrecy, and the absence of proper names and clerical records. But if you desired to spend five shillings in a Skye terrier, a gladstone bag, or a case of scientific instruments, Josh was the man to go to. If you had a pawn ticket, a gold watch, or a presentation silver cup that you were particularly anxious to exchange for a little cash at short notice, and no questions asked, Josh was the gentleman to oblige you.

One evening there came to Josh one of his clients named Tittle, who, because of his swarthy complexion and antipathy to soap and water had been renamed "Sambo."

"Well," said Mr. Vulcher, after greetings had been exchanged, "what is it this time, Sambo—the Crown jewels or a pair o' side-springs?"

Mr. Tittle smiled feebly—his booty as a rule was not of the hall-marked variety, and Josh always deprecated its value in advance.

"If you're not above a little speculation, Josh," he suggested as he produced a small slip of paper from his cap, "give us three 'arf-crowns for this."

Josh picked up the slip, glanced at it casually, and expressed his disgust in ornamental language.

"A receipt for a traveller's left luggage, eh? I s'pose you wouldn't like to offer me a lottery ticket or a prize packet to go with it?" he asked sarcastically.

"Very toffish, foreign-looking gent; came up by the Continental express; mysterious brass-bound polished oak box—pretty 'evvy," waxed Sambo enthusiastically. "Told chap be'ind counter 'e'd send back for it as soon as e'd fixed up 'is 'otel—diamonds possibly, eh? By the look o' the box——"

"'Arf a dollar," broke in Mr. Vulcher laconically.

"Why, the polished oak alone——"

"'Arf a dollar—take it or leave it!" ejaculated Josh decisively.

Sambo shook his head and made a pretence of picking up the luggage receipt, but Josh pulled out half-a-crown and placed it on the corner of the table.

Mr. Tittle glanced wistfully from the cash to its owner.

"You're a 'ard-'arted old starver, Josh!" he exclaimed; "for two pins I'd take the risk and call for the box meself."

"Right y'are; do," said Josh, reaching for his money.

"I b'lieve you'd like to see me copped!" snapped Sambo as he hurriedly grabbed the coin and transferred it to his pocket. "Ta-ta; and don't you expect no more business from me."

An hour later Mr. Vulcher, clean shaven, and dressed in respectable serge, presented himself at the Liverpool Street "Left Luggage" Office with the stolen receipt.

In response to his "You might let's 'ave my guv'nor's box, sir," the property was handed over to him, and he bore it home in triumph, unchallenged.

Not until he had it in the sanctuary of his bedroom with the door shut and the blinds down, did he venture to examine his capture. Then he permitted his critical eye to admire the workmanship of a brass-bound oak box about three feet square by twelve inches deep, with a red morocco handle fitted over a small perforated zinc plate.

"Funny-looking arrangement," he ruminated, "and must 'ave been made to order. But what the dooce are the air-'oles for?"

To set his doubts at rest concerning the return for his half-crown investment, Josh set to work with a bunch of keys. But the lock was a patent one, not one of his keys would open it.

Reluctantly Mr. Vulcher went down to his tool-chest for a chisel—he disliked spoiling good work for artistic apart from monetary reasons.

The lock yielded at last with a minimum of damage, and Josh stepped back for a moment to wipe his perspiring brow.

He was standing on the hinged side of the box, and for the fraction of a second his eyes left it. Yet in that brief space of time something uncanny had happened, for the lid no longer rested flush on the box, but was raised a couple of inches, held by some mysterious invisible agency.

Cautiously Mr. Vulcher crept forward on tip-toe to investigate. His face was within a foot of the box, and he was meditating whether it would be wiser to lift the lid or push it down when—crash! it swung back as if propelled by a powerful spring, and hit him a stunning blow on the temple.

With a yell of pain Josh leapt back to the farthest corner of the room; but the cry froze on his lips as he perceived the origin of the mystery sliding out of the box on to the floor—a hideous, black-and-yellow, seemingly endless—*snake!*

Mr. Vulcher did not hesitate for long; as the end of the tail dropped to the floor he made a blind rush for the door, and to his intense relief got through unscathed. But in the moment of safety curiosity again got the better of him, and he opened the door an inch and peeped in.

The sight that met his eyes effectively damped his interest in natural history. The snake was swishing round the room at the rate of about forty laps to the minute. Josh witnessed half-a-lap and slammed and locked the door.

That night Mr. Vulcher slept at the house of a friend, putting forward the plea that the rain had come in and wetted the bed. (There had been a providential shower as it happened.)

Next morning he paid an early visit to an acquaintance who kept a bird shop in Old Street, and occasionally traded in such commodities as white mice, tortoises, and lizards.

"Mr. Chibbs, I ain't 'ad the priv'lege so far of doing a deal with you," he remarked pleasantly. "I shan't go further afield when I take up canary breeding next spring——"

"Then now's the time to select your birds," broke in the fancier. "I've got a Norwich——"

"I'm in a position now to do you a real good turn," went on Mr. Vulcher, ignoring the other's suggestion. "Come into me 'ands quite unexpected like as a—as a bad debt. But I ain't got the 'ouse-room——"

"What in the name of goodness *have* you got—an elephant?" queried the fancier suspiciously.

"You trot round to my place and 'ave a look at 'im," suggested Josh. "It'll be well worth your while. A finer specimen of a snake you never——"

"Snake! *You've got a snake?*"

"I should thinkd 'ave—a be-eauty; eight foot long if 'e's an inch. Look a treat in your shop winder; draw 'arf the town to the shop. I only wish it was Sunday an' I 'ad 'im down Club Row. Trot round now an' size 'im up; 'e's yours for 'arf a quid."

Mr. Chibbs thought the matter out.

"I used to stock snakes at one time—little 'uns, and I've learnt a thing or two about 'em; but there's no demand round about here. Still I'll come and have a look at him; I know a man who buys for circuses and small menageries."

Mr. Vulcher piloted the unsuspecting victim to his home and invited him to ascend to the first floor.

"I've got 'im in 'ere," he admitted with his hand on the door knob. "You, understanding all about animals, will know 'ow to 'andle 'im. You see, I 'aven't got 'im caged up; 'e's—er—loose, you know."

Mr. Chibbs regarded his friend with a look of incredulity.

"You've got a big snake to sell, and allow him the run of your bedroom! What d'you take me for?"

"I took you for a man who'd know 'ow to 'andle a loose snake, at any rate. Still, if you consider there's a drawback to the bargain, I'll not be above meeting you—five bob buys 'im as 'e stands; there now!"

But the bargain apparently did not appeal to the bird fancier; he shook his head dubiously and turned away from the door with a sigh.

"It can't be done, there's seven good reasons against it. I've got a wife and six children."

Mr. Vulcher slowly led the way down the stairs, racking his brains for a way out of his perilous position. Half way on the descent he stopped abruptly and barred the passage way.

"Look 'ere, ole man," he exclaimed desperately, "I'll be candid with you. That snake got out of 'is box by accident. I'll make you a present of 'im, box an' all, if you'll take 'im."

The bird-fancier wavered, but seemed unable to make up his mind.

"I'll think it over," he said slowly, "but I must get back now. There's a man I'm expecting to see me about a pair of fantails——"

"Fantails be blowed!" ejaculated the other pettishly; "you're throwing away the chance of a lifetime—a snake worth p'raps ten quid, and probably now asleep and as 'armless as a kitten. I'm offering 'im to you as a present, an'—an' five bob for your trouble."

The change in the financial aspect of the deal seemed to appeal to Mr. Chibbs' commercial instincts.

"Well, I could but have a look at him, couldn't I?" he suggested.

"Course you could!" declared Josh with enthusiasm; "you must see 'im to properly realise 'is points."

"When did you say you'd be coming round about those canaries?" asked the fancier slyly.

"Sat'dy certain, I will—for three pairs."

"Right-o!" chuckled Mr. Chibbs. "Now fetch me a quilt or a table-cloth and anything in the way o' weapons that you might have handy."

Mr. Vulcher ran downstairs like an eager school-boy, to return a couple of minutes later with an old table-cloth, an axe, and a loaded revolver.

"That'll do lovely," said Mr. Chibbs. "Now then, open the door; there's nothing to be afraid of, you know. Steady on, though," he exclaimed as Josh sprang up the stairs two at a time. "Not *too* eager; we don't want a snake hunt on the landing."

Josh turned the key in the lock and opened the door a bare inch, keeping his body well away from the opening where Mr. Chibbs stood on guard with the table-cloth in his left and the axe in his right.

Five minutes elapsed and nothing happened; then, acting on whispered instructions from the bird fancier, Mr. Vulcher gradually pushed the door back until it afforded a chance to view the situation.

Mr. Chibbs was trembling in every limb as he craned his neck forward. Josh was nervous, too, and retreated towards the stairs.

Presently the fancier plunged boldly into the room, and Josh, overcome with "funk," turned tail, bolted down the stairs, and shut himself in the kitchen.

Two minutes later Mr. Vulcher heard heavy footsteps and some very bad language.

"Come out, you dissipated scoundrel, or I'll bash the door down," shouted the snake-hunter when he got to the bottom of the stairs.

Josh came out nervous and mystified. "How many snakes did you put in that room?" demanded Mr. Chibbs.

"Why—er—one—only one," faltered Mr. Vulcher.

"What colour was it?"

"Why, black an' yaller as near as I——"

"Sure it wasn't blue? Sure there wasn't fifty of 'em with fire coming out of their noses? Sure it was a snake and not rats you saw?"

Josh looked on open-mouthed and helpless. He decided that his friend had suddenly gone mad through the strain on his mental faculties.

"It's all right, old man," he said soothingly; "'e was there all right last night. 'E was in that big oak box you see on the floor——"

"Box on the floor!" echoed Mr. Chibbs incredulously. "Then it's as I thought; you *did* have the 'D.T.'s'."

"Do you mean to say there's no box?" asked Josh.

"Bah! Of course there's no box, *and* no snake, *and* no five bob *and* no canaries. You take my tip and go and see a doctor; and don't stop too long in his surgery or it'll be Colney Hatch for you. Ta-ta!"

When his visitor had slammed the door Mr. Vulcher ventured upstairs. The bird-fancier was quite right; the snake and the box had both vanished.

* * * * * *

"And didn't I get me own back on old Josh, too?" said Mr. Tittle, when recounting a little experience to a friend in the taproom of the Duck and Mallet. "Didn't 'ave the faintest notion wot was in that box when I parted with it for a measly 'arf-dollar. Then by a bit o' luck I meets the very gent who owns the property in Bishopsgate.

"I didn't care wot 'appened to me so long as I played the dirty on old Josh, so I goes up to the toff an' I say:

"'Scuse me, guv'nor, but I b'lieve you was the gent what left a peculiar-looking box at the station this afternoon?'

"'Yes,' says 'e; 'I'm going to fetch it—why?'

"'I saw a chap claim that very box just arter you went,' sez I.

"'E was flabbergasted, 'specially when he felt for the ticket an' found it 'ad been pinched.

"'It contained a very valuable article,' sez 'e, 'an' I'll give a ten-pun note if it comes back safe by midnight to-night—an' no questions asked either.'

"I took 'is card, intending to bounce Josh into sending the swag back to me for a quid or so. But Josh 'ad gone out for the night, so I found out.

"So I does a little bit o' investigating on me own. I sees Josh's bedroom winder was unfastened, and I climbs up on to the leads an' 'ops in.

"Fust thing I sees when I strikes a light is that very identical box lying open on the floor.

"An' wotcher think was inside? You'd never guess in a thousand years—a tremenjous snake, curled up fast asleep. Pore ole Josh! I can jest see 'is face when 'e opened that box expecting to find joolery.

"In two ticks I 'ad the lid on, an' 'arf an hour arterwards I was in the gent's 'otel.

"Gave me the jimmy-o'-goblins? Nor 'arf 'e didn't—a real out-an'-out toff 'e was. Said it would 'ave cost 'im a 'undred quid a week to be without 'is 'Waltzing Snake,' as 'e calls it. 'E's doing a turn at the London Pavilion next week, an' I'm going to splash a bob's-worth in the gallery—coming? If I thought Josh'd go, I'd send 'im a ticket. I'd just like to see 'is chivvy when the snake makes 'is bow to the public."

"Pearson's" motto: "Carry me. Get a postcard. Wait and see."

The World's Best Stories

Very Suspicious.

ONE afternoon recently a gentleman who particularly wanted to hear Mr. Lloyd George speak sat patiently in the public gallery of the House of Commons for about five hours. After a bit he began to notice that the seats on either side of him were always occupied by other men and that as soon as one of these men got up and went away another man promptly took the vacant seat.

Later, he mentioned the matter to a political friend. "I expect," the latter replied, "that they were all plain-clothes men from Scotland Yard."

"Great Scott!" the gentleman exclaimed. "Then you think they took me for a Suffragist agitator!"

"Exactly," was the reply.

"But why should they?" demanded the gentleman. "I'm sure I didn't do anything at all likely to arouse such suspicions."

"Ah," commented his friend, "it must have struck them as being very suspicious that you should sit there listening to all that twaddle for five hours!"

The Boys of the Old Brigade.

THE Bishop of London is telling a story connected with a recent visit he paid to one of his metropolitan parishes.

He was speaking to one of the curates about the various branches of social work in the parish when he remembered that on his last visit the Church Lads' Brigade had made a fine show.

"And how is the Brigade getting on?" the Bishop asked.

"Well, the fact is, my lord," the curate replied, "the Territorials have gone off with the big lads, the Boy Scouts have gone off with the very young ones, and the—ah——"

The curate hesitated.

"And what about the others?" the Bishop asked.

"Well, the girls have gone off with them!" the curate confessed.

Giving Nothing Away.

THE thrilling tales of municipal "graft" and bribery that occasionally come from the United States have recently produced at least one funny story.

One day, the story goes, the mayor of a western township received a visit from an old schoolfellow who was rather down on his luck. He said he had had a very hard struggle lately, and he asked the mayor if, for the sake of old times, he could manage to get him some municipal appointment.

The mayor was very sympathetic. "You shall have the very first job I have to give away," he said good-naturedly.

The man thanked him and went off full of hope for the future. After waiting some months, however, and not having heard from his friend the mayor, he ventured to call again.

"You told me," he said, a little reproachfully, "that you'd let me have the next appointment you had to give away."

"I did, old son," said the mayor heartily, "and I meant it."

"But there have been one or two posts vacant that I might have had," the other persisted; "and you've given them to other men no better qualified for them than I am."

"There's where you're wrong," said the mayor. "I haven't had any appointments to *give* away. I've *sold* them all!"

At the Last Gasp.

PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG, of Liverpool, has been telling some amusing stories about Scottish ministers.

The Scottish minister is more free than the clergyman in the south to vary the nature of the service in his church, and this freedom is sometimes fortunate for him, as in the following instance:

The minister of a small country parish, on arriving at his church one Sunday morning, found that he had thoughtlessly left his sermon behind him at the manse. He was rather upset, as the congregation were all assembled and waiting, and the manse was some distance away.

He summoned John, the beadle—a most important functionary—and directed him to give out to the congregation the tremendously long 119th Psalm, which they might sing while he hurried back to the manse for his sermon.

The minister waited to hear them start the Psalm and then hurried off to the manse as hard as he could run. He got his sermon, and on his return he saw the faithful beadle standing at the door and waving his arm as a signal to make haste.

The minister arrived breathless. "Are they still singing, John?" he panted.

"Ay, sir," replied John, "they're at it yet. But they're jist cheepin' awa' like wee mice!"

Personal!

ANOTHER of Professor Strong's stories is about a Scottish minister in a country parish who was promoted from his unremunerative cure to the more desirable one of chaplain to a gaol in a large town.

His congregation were very annoyed at him for accepting the new post, especially as they had great difficulty in finding a successor to him. The minister refused to give up his appointment, however, and there was a good deal of ill-feeling between himself and his parishioners as a consequence.

They showed their resentment in many ways, but the minister waited patiently until the time came for him to preach his farewell sermon. He then chose as his text: "*I go to prepare a place for you*"!

Drown the Singing.

OF Dr. Richard Strauss, the great composer, Mr. Wile says he makes no secret of his passion for extraordinary orchestral effects.

During the general rehearsal of his famous opera, *Electra*—which Mr. Wile describes as "that monumental example of musical uproar!"—Dr. Strauss came tearing down the central aisle of the Royal Opera at Dresden while Madame Schumann Heink, in the part of Clytemnestra, was struggling with a top note.

Beads of perspiration already bespangled the brows of the madly playing orchestra, and as he ran towards them Dr. Strauss shrieked at the pitch of his voice, "Louder! Louder! *I can still hear the singing!*"

Put Him to Some Good Use.

THE remarkable incident in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, the other day, when a man jumped from the upper circle into the stalls, reminds one of an earlier story told of the same theatre.

There was a row in the gallery one night, and one man who had taken the part of the performers was on the point of being thrown over the gallery rail.

"Hi, don't waste him!" somebody shouted. "Kill a fiddler wid him!"

The Broad Way?

MR. ALLAN FEA, who has written another delightful book, "Quiet Roads and Sleepy Villages," tells some amusing stories of things he has seen on his country rambles.

He says that the lych-gate leading to a country churchyard has been newly done up with ample coatings of paint and varnish. The inscription overhead, "This is the Gate of Heaven," has never before appeared so conspicuous. Yet the thoughtless workmen, in blissful ignorance of the consequences, and anxious only that passers-by should not brush up against the newly painted gate, left a notice underneath with the imperative command:

"Go Round the Other Way!"

The Arch Fund.

ANOTHER of Mr. Fea's stories relates to a fine sculptured arch in the nave of a country church. This arch has become rather dilapidated and sadly needed a little patching up in places. For this purpose a fund was raised and occasionally the Sunday offertory went towards it.

Upon one of these occasions, so as to make it more widely known, the rector decided to hang up a special notice. He scribbled out the notice rather hurriedly at the last minute on Saturday, and sent it off to the village printer to be set up in type. The printer, who was just going off, left it to the "boy," telling him to print one copy and hang it up in the church porch.

The boy had some difficulty in reading the rector's handwriting apparently, for on Sunday as they entered the church the horrified congregation found this startling announcement staring them in the face: "The collection to-day will be devoted to the arch fiend"!

Ethel—"The Major looks worried."
Maud—"Yes; he proposed a little while ago, but I had to refuse him. I like him, but he is far stout for anything."
Ethel—"I must get him to take Antipon; that will soon give him a waist."

"Nobody Loves a Fat Man."

This familiar line occurs in a play. We notice in a contemporary a query as to its origin—whether it is from a Western American play produced in New York three years ago, or from an altogether different production. Whatever the origin or saying may be, there can be no doubt that the extremely stout man is at a great disadvantage, even though it be untrue that "nobody loves" him. The very corpulent man is handicapped in the struggle for success in these strenuous days, just as an exceedingly stout woman is unfitted for the exactions of a fashionable society life. Then, again, over-stout people of both sexes too often aggravate matters by trying to reduce their weight and bulk by stinting themselves outrageously in the matter of food; by undergoing physical exercises which are really very dangerous to the obese, and by taking various specious drug-remedies containing harmful mineral and other objectionable substances, which have a most injurious effect on the already disordered digestive system.

Yet the true, natural remedy is so simple, so sure, so beneficial to the general health! No one who, from personal experience, knows anything about the combined fat-reducing properties of Antipon, the famous standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity, would ever dream of recommending a stout friend to take anything else. Antipon is unique, and will always remain so. This is what the great Continental specialist, Dr. Ricciardi, of Paris, states:—"Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity; all other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous."

The action of Antipon, pleasant and harmless and exhilarating as it is, is complex. Not only does it remove all the excess fatty matter from the blood and tissues, from under the skin, and from about the internal organs, but it stamps out the abnormal tendency to heap up that vitiating excess. It thus brings about a permanent recovery of robust health and beauty of proportions. Antipon also tones up the digestive system and restores a keen natural appetite.

The removal of the disfiguring excess fat about the cheeks, chin, neck and shoulders, etc., is effected without wrinkling, the skin being "tightened" and improved in texture, tone and transparency.

Antipon is a refreshing liquid containing harmless vegetable substances only.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

TEN LITTLE BROWN BIRDS.

September 1st—From the Partridge's Point of View.

THEY had slept all huddled together, in the centre of a big grass field, but with the coming of the sun they had flown off to the stubbles for breakfast.

There were just ten of them, eight youngsters, with Pa and Ma Partridge in charge, and they spread themselves out over the short yellow stubble stalks, feeding hungrily after their long fast.

The rabbits on the adjoining grasslands were beginning to work their way back to their homes in the banks beneath the hedgerows, and the tinkle of a distant sheep bell floated upon the wings of the soft south wind. But the covey on the stubble heeded nothing, until the dark form of Farmer Giles rose up, like a moving pillar, high above the two-inch corn stumps.

Then, with the marvellous discipline of the wild folk, they rose as one bird, swept over the nearest fence, wheeled to the right, and never paused until the deep green of a potato field came into view.

Here was the haven they sought, and, once they had pitched, you might have passed within five yards of them without catching a glimpse of one feather.

Down in the furrows between the potato ridges they crouched, and soon they were hard at work again, but this time the family bath occupied their attention. They worked their bodies into the powder-like mould, and, puffing out their feathers, dusted themselves thoroughly like the clean aristocratic birds they were.

The First Sign of Danger.

Then, with full crops and clean skins, they lounged about under the swaying potato plants and took a nap.

It was about noon when they started into sudden wakefulness at a sound that went reverberating over the peaceful landscape. Bang-bang! Bang-bang! Bang-bang! Bang! With craning necks and startled eyes, they crouched and listened; and then, high above their heads seven brown-feathered bodies went whistling through the air at full stretch—a covey in headlong flight!

Old Pa Partridge cocked his head knowingly on one side and then straightened it again. What he had just heard and seen sent his thoughts back to a certain summer morning just twelve months before, when he had leapt from the shelter of a turnip field behind his father, to the deafening accompaniment of exploding powder and the vicious whiz of flying lead. He never saw his dad again, but he had learned wisdom since that catastrophe.

To-day being hot, he would in any case have taken his family to shelter from the sun, though they might not have left the potatoes until one o'clock. But now, with that ominous sound still in his ears, he determined to move quickly; and so, with a roar of wings like miniature thunder, the covey took to flight once more, following their wise old leader to the spot which they already knew so well.

Safe, but Still Suspicious.

It was a border of thick, rank grass that lined the edge of a ditch, and above the ditch a great unclipped hedge rose up, a wall of blackberry and blackthorn bushes through which no man could see.

Very still they lay in their new shelter, the youngsters careless and happy enough, but their father still suspicious and doubtful. His bright beadlike eye was continually flashing out between the grass blades, and then presently he saw them. Five dark moving figures that swept in a line slowly over the field, quartering the ground steadily and methodically. The sun shone down upon the barrels of their guns, making them glint like silver.

The watching partridge judged his distance to a T. He let them get within eighty-five yards of his family, and then for the fourth time that day the covey took wing. Straight away from the guns the old cock flew, high over the bottom hedge and across the next three fields, then lower, lower out of the watching sportsmen's sight, apparently in a dead straight line of flight.

"That's good," exclaimed the host. "Those birds have gone right into Farmer Jones' roots."

But they hadn't.

Once on the other side of that fourth hedge our old cock had swung sharp off to the right, and not until he had flown a good half-mile to the north-west did he bring his family to earth in a patch of allotments. You see, he had learned wisdom.

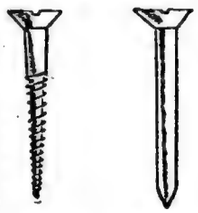
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

DON'T BE DIDDLED.

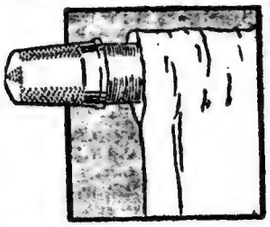
THIS paragraph exposes the little dodge frequently adopted by cabinet-makers. If, when buying furniture, you see a screw head, you naturally think that the article is held together by screws.



This is not always the case, for many manufacturers use the common nail with an imitation screw head. In order to detect this, all you need do is to endeavour to remove the "screw" in the ordinary way with a screw-driver. If it refuses to move, then you know that they are not screws.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.

THIS accompanying illustration depicts a very useful hint that all housewives will no doubt appreciate.



When putting a rod through a curtain much time is lost, and in some cases the curtain torn owing to the rod being splintered.

To obviate this, adopt the idea of placing a thimble over the end of the rod like that shown, and you will find that the rod will easily slip through the curtain.

TESTS AEROPLANE ENGINES.

THE method adopted to test aeroplanes is depicted in the accompanying illustration.

The aeroplane is attached to a long steel cable which has fixed to one end a dial similar to those seen

on a spring balance. This dial is fixed to a post in the ground, and the aeroplane engine started.

As the machine strains forward and exerts pressure on the wire cable, so the hand on the dial revolves and registers the exact pull the engine is exerting.

NO ARM-REST.

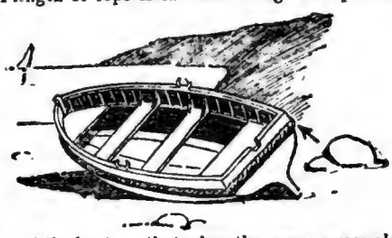
PEOPLE when riding on a motor-'bus frequently rest their arms over the sides of the 'bus. In this way many a person has had his arm jammed by a vehicle coming the opposite way.

To prevent passengers doing this, an extra rail similar to that indicated by the arrow in the sketch is now being attached to 'buses.

TAKING CARE OF THE PAINT.

THE accompanying illustration depicts an idea adopted by boatmen to save the wear and tear of their boats.

A length of rope is fastened along the top outside



edge of the boat, so that when the rower comes alongside another boat, the boat is not damaged, neither is the paint scratched, as the strip of rope takes the friction when the two boats meet.

OUR HUMAN INTEREST SERIES.

THE STRUGGLING BARRISTER.

Another of Our Poignant Pen Pictures.

SOME few years have passed since he was "called" to the Bar. The little capital, left him by his father, has been exhausted. He is no longer able to afford the expense of following the assizes.

You will better appreciate his plight if you remember that the assizes offer practically the only chance for an unknown barrister to be heard by the court. He attended them regularly for as long as he could, starving himself in the intervals to pay the expenses. He would sit in wig and gown with the others of his kind, waiting until the judge should ask him to undertake the defence of some unrepresented wrongdoer. He had one or two such cases, but they gave him no scope. There was no interesting feature in any of them, and so they were not even reported in the local papers.

Now he is reaching the end of his tether. At a pinch he will be able to retain his chambers a few months longer. But there is not a penny-piece for food and the other decencies of life. His linen is lamentably frayed.

You picture him sitting in his chambers, waiting for the brief that will not come. By an effort of will he refuses to give up hope; and every time he hears a step on the staircase outside he tells himself that it is a solicitor's clerk coming to change his fortunes. This bare possibility alone sustains him in the face of continual disappointment.

He Needs a Wealthy Look.

The galling part is this—that he is a capable worker, well trained, and in the flower of his mental youth—and Fate condemns him to a soul-destroying idleness. Without conceit, he knows that he has all the essentials of success—except capital. Failure—failure without a hearing—will be his portion.

As long as the struggle lasts he has to maintain the appearance of comfort at least, if not of prosperity. Sometimes his well-to-do friends unconsciously make this harder for him.

An old college chum, whose wealthy father makes him a generous allowance, drops in for a chat.

"Hullo, old man! Still browsing, I see! All work and no play—you know the rest. Tell you what—let's go and lunch at the Troc, and do a *matinée* afterwards—what?"

A *matinée!* When the price of a *matinée* stall would feed him for a week! He mumbles his excuses, wrestling meantime with an almost overpowering impulse to borrow a sovereign.

"By the way, have you heard what I've been let in for?" rattles the other. "Well, my guv'nor has been pulling the wires—some confounded solicitor connected with one of the dad's companies—and I've been sent a brief—case will probably come on next week, and I'm not looking forward to it, I can tell you. Sure to make a fool of myself—devised rough on the poor client, I call it."

No Longer Quietly Confident.

He congratulates his friend, but when the latter has departed he buries his head in his hands, overcome with the bitter irony of it all. What possible chance have men like himself when money and influence can force opportunity upon a reluctant fool.

The weeks speed on and still he is waiting. His appearance has altered slightly since the day of his "call." You will observe a certain hollowness in the cheeks—there is a compressed look about the temples, and that air of quiet confidence has disappeared.

He has taken to anonymous journalism in a desultory fashion, and an occasional guinea has saved him from actual starvation.

He has been thinking lately of throwing it up—of resigning for ever his dreams of a great career. And it is only just beginning to sink into his consciousness that he is really unfitted for any other calling. His intellect is highly specialised. The years of close study—the ceaseless attendance of the law courts—have driven him into the legal groove. He must be a barrister or——

The only other solution grows upon him each day with increasing insistence. He is not a physical coward—and it is only a few steps through the Temple Gardens to the Embankment. The jump would take a bit of doing—but he never learnt to swim, and it would soon be over. He will just take a few days to get used to the idea.

It is then that Destiny, incorrigibly dramatic, sends him a brief. She has played this trick on many of our leading King's Counsel.

Next week: "The Struggling Insurance Agent."

"The Quest of the Sacred Slipper," a thrilling new series of stories by Sax Rohmer, begins in the September NOVEL.

A QUEEN OF THIEVES

The Story of a Woman Who Stole Hearts and Money

By LAURENCE CLARKE.

CHAPTER XV.
(continued).

Falling in Love.

WHEN Webster discovered that he was being shadowed he laughed in spite of himself, and retraced his footsteps towards the house. A minute later a man wearing the suit of a gamekeeper and carrying a gun on his arm, stepped casually into view.

"Were you following me?" asked Webster sharply, as he drew near.

The man, who was a powerful, broad-shouldered fellow with a ruddy face, showed no resentment at the question. "Well, sir," he said, "now as you mention it, per'aps I was."

"Are you the only one?"

"Bless you, no, sir! There's a couple o' men down there by the gate, and another in the copse. Mr. Chicks 'as 'ad us here since daylight."

"It's very kind of Mr. Chicks," said Webster savagely, and continued his walk towards the house.

The rest of the morning he strolled idly about, making no further attempt to go beyond the confines of the flower gardens. At lunch-time he entered the house when the gong rang, and took his meal alone in the dining-room attended by the impassive footman. Neither Miss Dalrymple nor Chicks put in an appearance.

He did not see Miss Dalrymple again until dinner that night, when to his pleasant surprise he found that he and she were alone together in the splendid dining-room.

That night Miss Dalrymple seemed to have surpassed herself in the matter of costume, for she was arrayed in a filmy pale rose-coloured gown that was perfectly simple, yet fitted her slender, lithe body to perfection.

The soft colour of the dress, the broad collar of pearls about her throat, and a little bandeau of seed pearls and silver in her hair heightened her beauty with marvellous art.

Her attitude to Webster was that of a charming hostess to an honoured guest. Somehow, subtly and without words, she managed to create an atmosphere of intimacy between them. The difference between this woman and the woman who had been present at the opening of the stolen jewel-case in the morning was the difference of black and white. Then she had been swift, business-like, and masterful in her manner—now she was feminine, almost gently appealing in her tones.

In the morning Webster believed that he had hated her, now he felt that it was impossible for any man alive to hate this superb woman with the snow-white arms, the beautiful clear eyes, and the hair that shone radiantly golden in the light of the crystal chandelier.

Before dinner was over he was in that state of mind wherein he was prepared to cast every other consideration to the winds. He saw now he cared for nothing but Miss Dalrymple's eyes, Miss Dalrymple's lips. Deep in his heart he knew that she had just to raise a finger, and he would seize her in his arms, that he loved her passionately, tenderly, and with his whole being.

As they sat together after the coffee had been brought in he was obliged to exercise all his self-control to restrain the words that rose again and again to his lips.

Something told him that Miss Dalrymple cared for him, her manner otherwise towards him was impossible! The thought that she cared for him raised him to the seventh heaven. Then again his spirits suddenly sank. He recalled the manner in which she had slipped her arms about his neck that night in the flat when she had appealed to him against the police. He was leaning back in his chair smoking a cigarette as the thought smote him, and he raised his eyes to hers.

But the soft, languorous, tender look that met him drove away all doubt.

He drew a deep breath and leaned forward, laying his hands on the table.

"How long are you going to keep me a prisoner, Miss Dalrymple?" he asked.

"You are free to go now, at any moment you wish," answered Miss Dalrymple. She had paused with her coffee cup poised in the air. "Do you wish to go?" she asked, as she replaced the cup on the silver tray.

Her question staggered Webster.

"It's—it's rather late to go to-night, don't you think? If it's the same to you, I'll go to-morrow—as a matter of fact," he said clumsily, after a moment, "it would be a kindness if you allowed me to stay here for a day or two. You remember what you said about the police—that they were searching for me. Of course it's a ridiculous mistake on their part, but——"

"Is that the only reason you wish to stay here, Mr. Webster?"

There was a pause for a moment, then Webster's hand moved out towards hers, which was resting delicately on the edge of the table. Miss Dalrymple met the look in his face, her hand slipped from his grasp, and she rose swiftly to her feet.

"It's growing a little late, don't you think?" she said with an air of sudden formality.

Webster stared at her in amazement—one moment she appeared to draw him on, and the next to repel him—her attitude towards him was as mysterious as this strange double life of hers.

An hour later when he went to his room he drew up the window-blinds and looked out over the park. It was a perfect summer night, starlit, cloudless, and with a full moon riding in the sky.

From his window he could make out quite clearly the outline of the drive he had ventured along in the morning. He smiled to himself as he thought now that he had no longer any desire to escape from the house, for escape meant separation from Miss Dalrymple, and that was the last thing in the world he desired.

He began to wonder if he would ever solve the mystery of this strange girl, whose conduct was so utterly bewildering in its extraordinary changes. There was no premonition in his mind, as he looked out over the calm parkland, of the terrible happenings which were that night to divert the currents of his life.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bullingham's Return.

AT the moment when Webster drew up the blind and stood looking from the window Miss Dalrymple also looked from a window overlooking the park. She had gone to her room after bidding "Good night" to Webster, and silence and darkness now reigned in the great house.

For some minutes she stood looking out into the night, then she turned with a sigh, and, crossing the room, switched on the light.

Miss Dalrymple's bedroom was as luxurious as the rest of the house. A large ornate French bed occupied the middle of the apartment. The pillows were lace-edged and the counterpane of rose-coloured silk.

At one side of the room was a large wardrobe of satinwood, and near it a swing pierglass to match. There was one thing, however, which seemed utterly out of keeping with the delicate luxury of the room, and that was the green door of a safe which had been let right into the wall.

The safe itself opened with a combination lock. The contents of this safe were known only to Miss Dalrymple. Miss Dalrymple, having turned on the lights in the centre of the room, now went to the dressing-table and switched on two further lights in pink silk shades. For some minutes she sat before the mirror looking at herself critically in the glass.

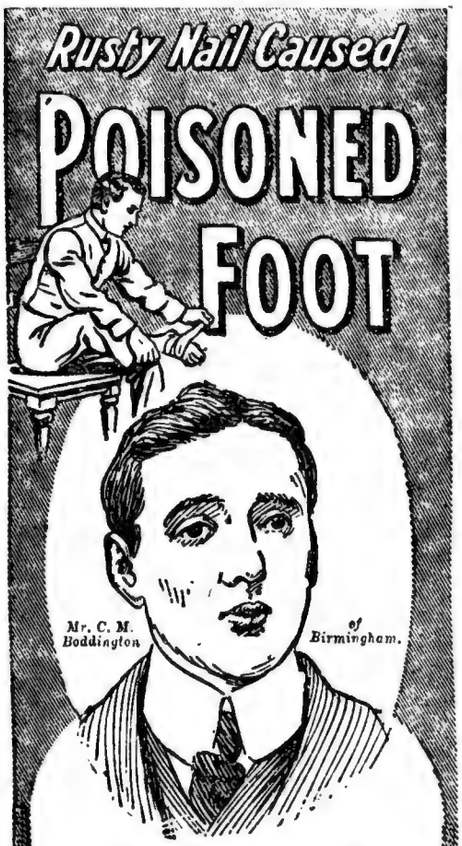
She admitted to herself that she was beautiful, that hers was a beauty without flaw. In her mind she went over the incidents of that evening. She was still doubtful of Webster. She could not yet say with absolute conviction that she had subdued him, that he was her slave as Chicks and Peaky and the Home Secretary were her slaves. Somehow the thought that he had resisted her charms angered her against him!

That absurd honesty of his still formed a barrier between them. But she had done well to-night, she had made much progress, and there was plenty of time. She had offered him his freedom, not meaning to grant it to him in any case, but he had not accepted the offer, and she felt now that time only was needed. In a few days from now, she told herself, as she smiled at her radiant beauty in the mirror, he would be as easy to manage as the others—he would be just as wax in her hands!

She rose and rang the bell for her maid. There had been only one man in her life, she told herself, who had ever resisted her fascination; and he was a brute, with no sense of beauty, no power of appreciation.

The thought of this man caused her to shiver a little. Somehow his dark and sinister image dwelt in her mind during the minutes her patient maid brushed out

(Continued on page 292.)



Zam-Buk Healed His Crippling Sores.

"THE tread of my big toe was torn by a nail in my boot," says Mr. C. M. Boddington, of 148 Sherborne Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham. "Beyond bathing the place I didn't trouble about it until my foot swelled and the wound began to discharge.

"I was so alarmed that I went to the Birmingham General Hospital, where the surgeons told me I had blood-poison. I went regularly for two months to the Hospital. I then tried a doctor, who said my foot was badly ulcerated and needed complete rest. So I stayed at home and followed the doctor's treatment carefully.

"As my foot still kept discharging, however, I hobbled back to work, though every time I put my foot to the ground pains like knife-stabs shot up my leg, and long before the day was finished I was completely done up. For quite a year I went on like this, trying in vain first one ointment and then another until I was thoroughly disheartened.

"Through reading about the wonderful cures Zam-Buk was working, I was induced to try this herbal balm. You can't realise the relief I got when Zam-Buk soothed the burning pain in my foot and gradually drew away the poisonous matter from the big ulcer. Soon I was able to put some weight on the sore foot. Zam-Buk took away all proud flesh and inflammation, thoroughly cleansed the foot, and then healed the sore place with new skin."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for Cuts, Bruises, Bad Legs, Piles, Poisoned Wounds, Ulcers, Scalp Disease, Eczema, and Sores. Sold only in sealed boxes, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Don't accept any cheap and worthless substitute.

Zam-Buk

Have you seen the September NOVEL MAGAZINE cover, with its blazing yellow eyes?

A QUEEN OF THIEVES *(contd. from page 291).*

her plentiful hair, and finally plaited it in neat coils upon her small head.

When the maid had at length retired, and Miss Dalrymple was ready for bed, the thought of the man who had resisted her charms, who had brought tragedy and disaster into her life, and whose very existence was still a menace to her, caused her to go to the safe and open it with deft fingers.

On one of the shelves lay a little bundle of papers given her by the Home Secretary the night before. She did not disturb these, but took a letter which lay upon them, and partially closing the door of the safe crossed to her dressing-table.

"My dear Miss Dalrymple," ran the letter which she had taken from the safe and which she now read in the light of one of the pink-shaded lamps—"My dear Miss Dalrymple—you need have no fear that you will be molested by Bullingham. On your behalf I have formulated a charge against him of threatening you with violence, and Scotland Yard has been instructed to act in the matter. Shall you be at Sir James' on Thursday? If so, don't fail to let me know.—Yours very sincerely,

H. BOLSOVER."

The letter was marked "Private and confidential." When Miss Dalrymple had read it an expression of satisfaction and intense relief came into her eyes.

* * * * *

An hour later the room was in darkness save for the faint moonlight which found its way through the drawn blind of the window.

Miss Dalrymple was asleep in the broad silk-counterpaned bed, and save for the faint musical tick of a little clock on the mantelshelf no sound disturbed the intense silence of the room.

Then a faint scraping noise was heard; a dark shadow was cast on the blind from outside the window. The shadow—a dark stain on the buff-coloured blind, rose slowly higher, until the figure of a man's head and shoulders were outlined. The shadow of a man's arm went up to the catch of the window.

For some minutes there was silence, then a click sounded through the room. The man at the outside of the window had forced the catch! The instant he did so his shadow sank and disappeared from the blind. Miss Dalrymple moved slightly in her sleep, but did not wake up.

Five minutes later the man's head and shoulders appeared. This time as he rose the frame of the window moved slowly and noiselessly upward.

Every moment the aperture of the window became wider. Then at length the man's crouching figure was outlined as he put one leg over the sill and climbed noiselessly into the room. An instant later his shadow had disappeared from the window; he was standing in the darkness a yard from the foot of the girl's bed.

For many minutes the man stood there, his eyes growing accustomed to the darkness. Presently his eyes, which had been roving the room, fixed themselves on the faint outline of the sleeping girl's face, pressed into the soft lace-edged pillow. He stared as if fascinated, with his chin thrust savagely forward, and his small eyes contracted. There was an expression of wild triumph on his evil face. For five years he had waited for this moment!

He moved nearer to the bed with cat-like softness, never for an instant taking his eyes from Miss Dalrymple's face. He was a heavily-built, deep-chested man, with a prominent jaw and a large thin-lipped mouth. His close-cropped hair rose like bristles over a bullet-shaped head.

It seemed incredible to think that this was an educated man, a man who had once been a member of the Bar, and had held an honourable position in life. He seemed now to have degenerated into something little better than an animal—a brute beast, cunning and ferocious, a creature who would take fiendish delight in inflicting agony and torture upon whatever victim might fall into his power.

He had been released from prison only twelve hours before, and the swiftness with which he had been able to accomplish his vengeance amazed him. He could scarcely believe that his hour of triumph was at hand at last, and when he had stared at the sleeping girl for fully ten minutes he turned and very softly drew up the blind, letting the moonlight stream into the room in a pallid, greenish-blue flood.

Even as he drew up the blind he remained with his head looking over his shoulder at the girl on the bed. Then he began to mutter audibly to himself, a habit he had contracted in prison.

"My God, Rebecca, you're as pretty as ever! It's you, right enough!"

On a sudden impulse he strode across the room and seated himself on the edge of Miss Dalrymple's bed, then he folded his arms and broke into a laugh—a low, exultant, ferocious laugh that snatched Miss Dalrymple from her slumbers as though death had suddenly stared her in the face, as, indeed, it had.

An instant later she was sitting up in bed, with a stare of wide horror in her eyes, a low moan of terror and agony had escaped her lips, and she was staring at that evil face that glared at her from the foot of the bed.

Again Bullingham laughed.

"I thought that would wake you!" he said. "The same old laugh, eh, Rebecca?"

Then he leaned forward resting his knuckles on the silken counterpane, his chin was thrust forward and all the pent-up hate of years gleamed in his eyes.

"You she-devil!" he said. "I've got you at last! At last I can get you without your crowd round you!"

Miss Dalrymple's hands were clasping her head; her face, ashen-grey in the moonlight, was distorted with terror. She knew that she wanted to scream, to call, in a swift, wild agony of appeal, for aid; she knew that her life was not worth many minutes' purchase in the hands of the man who sat before her! He was a fiend in human guise! She was in his power utterly, and yet there was one chance in a million that if she could call out some of the servants, or Webster, or Chicks might hear her.

She opened her lips, but it was as though Bullingham's hand was already at her throat, for no sound left her. The man's presence seemed to petrify her! For the fraction of a second after she had awakened she had hoped wildly that the whole thing was a horrible nightmare! Then she had seen the open window, and the drawn blind.

The tall piergluss rose above Bullingham, a yard from his left shoulder, and, with a single leap, the girl disappeared behind it, hurtled against its back and sped across the room. The glass tilted forward, and Bullingham leapt from beneath as it crashed to the ground.

"So you didn't expect me, eh?" came Bullingham's voice.

He had risen from the foot of the bed now, and came a little nearer, looking down at her with folded arms.

She could see his face a little better now; the evil eyes, the prominent chin, and the long, thin splash of a mouth, revealing blackened teeth when he spoke.

"You didn't expect me?" he repeated. "I'm later than I ought to have been, but I got them to keep me three hours behind the others; there was no knowing, Rebecca, but what you might have got up to some of your old tricks! And I'd sworn in my own mind to get here to-night!"

He suddenly darted forth a hand like lightning, and gripped her shoulder like a vice. Then the girl, with a look of terror that amounted to madness, wrenched herself away, leapt from the bed, and uttered a scream that echoed and re-echoed through the sleeping house.

The power of movement and the power to cry out had come to her almost at the very moment of death. Like a white wraith she sped towards the door of the room, but Bullingham was there before her. There was an evil grin on his face, and he glanced over his shoulder, keeping his eyes on hers as he quickly bolted the top and bottom bolts, then put the key in his pocket.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Fiend Incarnate.

"So you're afraid of me, eh?" Bullingham laughed. "And well you might be!"

Miss Dalrymple, who had shrunk away from him as far as the other end of the room, was making frantic efforts to control her terror; her mind was leaping here and there seeking for means of escape. Suddenly the feminine instinct to charm leapt to her aid. There had been a moment's silence during which Bullingham remained at the door listening if the house had been aroused by the girl's scream. Now when he moved softly towards her again she scarcely seemed to shrink.

"Robert, Robert," she said in low, seductive tones, "You misjudge me cruelly! Those things you believe of me are all lies!"

"Lies?" repeated Bullingham.

"I've never done the things you say!" said the girl. Her voice appeared to tremble on the verge of tears.

She was near the writing-table—a tall, little figure in white standing in the moonlight. Suddenly her hand went out and covered something on the table—a letter—Bolsover's letter, which she remembered having laid there after she had read it before going to bed.

Her blood seemed to turn to ice! If Bullingham found that letter, if he read it, and learnt that she had done all in her power to prevent him being released from prison, not all the blandishments in the world could soften him. There would be no mercy for her then! She had been mad to leave the letter lying about! But, after all, she might still hide it.

"I've never done the things you say!" repeated the girl. Her fingers were still closing slowly over the letter on the table.

There was silence for a minute. Bullingham was studying her with his head on one side, and his cruel mouth was pursed tightly together.

"Oh, no, no, you wouldn't," he said mockingly; "you wouldn't do a thing like that! You're all honey and sugar! You know! Suddenly he shifted his glance with lightning rapidity to her hand. "What is that you're hiding?" His words came like the crack of a pistol.

"Nothing! Nothing!" gasped the girl, crushing the letter in her hand.

Bullingham leapt towards her, and a second later the letter was in his fingers.

For the first time that night the girl moved towards him in a wild, desperate hope to save the situation even at the last minute.

"Robert, you won't read it? It's nothing, nothing! I swear it's nothing! Give it to me, Robert? Remember, I'm your wife! If you'll only trust me now—just once—once, Robert! Look at me, Robert?"

"Yes, I'll look at you," came the man's voice, low and sinister. "I'll look at you longer than you want, you she-devil! You liar! There's something in this letter that will make me hate you more than I hate you now—you know that! So you try your old trick on me! You try to wind me round your finger as you've wound every man you've come across in the past five years! You want me to look at you, eh? I'll look at you in the light, and I'll read this in the light, and then——"

His swift glance swept the room, and with quick strides he crossed to the dressing-table, and turned on one of the rose-pink lights. The crushed letter was in his hand, and as he opened it he looked from the corner of his eyes at Miss Dalrymple, who was supporting herself with one hand on the foot of the bed, and the other pressed to her heart. She was breathing heavily, and there was a wild look in her eyes.

"Don't, don't, Robert!" she pleaded.

"Stop that!" snarled Bullingham savagely. "You do it well; but it doesn't take me in!"

He suddenly stood up and looked her full in the face.

"I believe," he said in slow, tense tones. "I'm the only man on God's earth who can see through you!"

Then he turned and ran his eyes swiftly through the letter. When he had read it it slipped from his fingers and floated to the floor. He looked again at the girl leaning for support at the foot of the bed; his eyes took her in slowly from head to foot. She was watching him as a fascinated rabbit watches a snake. She noticed that his manner had grown strangely quiet and calm, his lips worked a little, and when he spoke his words came in a slow, smooth tone.

"Bolsover," he said—"Bolsover. So you got round him. You used him to keep me away!"

He began to move his right hand slowly towards the inner pocket of his coat. His narrowed eyes remained fixed on the girl's face. She saw him draw his hand slowly from his pocket and crouch towards her.

"No, no, no!"

Her voice rose in a scream that reverberated through the house. It was this scream that Webster, standing dreaming at his window heard, and knew to be the cry of a woman in mortal terror.

"No, no, no, Robert! You won't kill me!"

He was hurrying after her now stealthily on the carpet, gripping something in his hand that gleamed horribly in the pink light. She was in a corner at last.

Yes! You are looking brown! But don't forget the white-faced kiddies who've never seen the sea.

quaking with her hands covering her face and inarticulate moans issuing from her lips.

"Come out!" he called. "I'm not going to kill you!"

In a flash she had raised her head, and was searching his face in agonised question; her heart, that had almost ceased to beat, began to move again.

"I'm not going to kill you!" whispered Bullingham. "I know something better than that for you! Something that will make you hate and curse the day you ever saw me! I meant to kill you when I came in here to-night. If I hadn't found, that letter you'd have been dead now—dead as any woman could be! But even then you'd have looked just as innocent, and beautiful, and dangerous as you do now. That's why I'm not going to kill you, but I'm going to spoil you all the same! I'm going to spoil your looks! I'm going to mar and spoil that beauty of yours. D'you hear me?"

His face was distorted. At that moment his eyes were the eyes of a madman. His deep-seated, long pent-up hate seemed suddenly to have shattered his reason; he was no more responsible for what he did or said than a tortured animal is responsible who turns and rends the hunter.

There was little more than a yard between them, and he paused now, breathing heavily, and gloating over the fact that at last she was in his power!

But he had reckoned without the primal instinct of self-preservation which moves even the slowest to amazing action. The tall pierglass rose above him, a yard from his left shoulder, and, with a single leap, the girl disappeared behind it, hurtled against its back, and sped across the room.

The glass tilted forward, and Bullingham leapt from beneath as it crashed to the ground. For a moment he was bewildered; he remained staring about him. Then he saw Miss Dalrymple at the far side of the room busy—frantically busy—doing something which for a moment he did not comprehend.

Then he realised! She was drawing open the door of the great safe!

For the fraction of a second he eyed her in a dazed fashion. Then he understood! And with a bellow of rage he leapt across the room towards her! But she was already in the safe, already drawing the door towards her.

Bullingham hurled himself at the handle, but the weight of his impact carried the door shut. A smooth metallic click sounded through the room.

He turned the handle in frantic haste, and pulled, then turned again and again pulled, but the door did not give. He paused a moment, then twisted the handle again a third time. He was pulling wildly, with savage, foul words streaming from his lips when a sudden heavy blow struck him on the head, and felled him to the carpet!

Then, despite his amazement, the deep, murderous cunning of the man came into play. He lay still as though stunned by the blow. For a full minute he lay with his eyes closed; then beneath narrowed lids he saw that his assailant was a tall, lithe young man in evening-dress, who was not at that moment looking at him, but was staring about the room with wide eyes of amazement.

Chairs were overturned, the bed was in disorder, the tall pierglass lay shattered and face downwards on the carpet, and a single electric light on the dressing-table with the rose-pink shade knocked off illuminated the room.

His eyes had been removed from Bullingham only a moment, as he swept the room with his glance, but in that moment a loud report rang through the room, he felt a stinging sensation in his shoulder, and sprang back with a shout of dismay. Bullingham, lying full length on the carpet, had fired at him, and would have fired again when Webster did the only thing that could possibly have saved his life—he leapt bodily forward and down upon him.

Then began a struggle which seemed to Webster to last for hours—for hours a broad, heavily-built man seemed to be fighting and straining every sinew to get at his throat—and for hours he appeared to be evading that clutch, and at every opportunity aiming blows at the heavy jowled face, that was now above, now below him.

Presently the heavy breathing of the two men rolling in wild struggles on the carpet was obliterated by the crashing sound of blows upon the door. Then the lock and the bolts at the top and bottom began to move and quake, and presently the door shot inwards, revealing three men who leapt into the room.

Webster heard Chicks' voice uttering ejaculations of amazement, then a second later:

"My God, it's Bullingham!" he shouted.

Then Webster suddenly found himself alone on the floor. He dragged himself to his feet, and put his hand again to his shoulder. For a moment he wondered what had become of his assailant, why his shoulder was sore, and why his coat sleeve was wet. Then he looked about him and saw Bullingham in the hands of Chicks and two footmen.

"Where is she?" Chicks was asking. "Where is she? You——"

Bullingham stared at him. His face was bruised and cut, blood was streaming from his cheeks, his collar had been torn from his neck, and his shirt front was open.

"Where is she?" he repeated. "I'll show you where she is! Don't hold me, and I'll tell you!" His breath came in gasps—he was clearly at the end of his strength. Chicks made a motion to the two men; they released their hold of him, and moved closely with him towards the open window.

"You want to know where she is?" repeated Bullingham. "Well, if I don't tell you, you'll never find her!"

They had crossed within a yard of the window, before Chicks divined his object—then it was too late! With a leap Bullingham had reached the window-sill. One leg was over the sill before Chicks, who was nearest, could make a grab at him. Then it was too late—Bullingham was already gripping the top of the ladder—his foot sought the rungs. Then in his hurry to escape Chicks' grasp, he removed his hands.

For a moment he seemed to sway—made a wild grab at the ladder—missed his hold and dropped. He sped towards the ground with lightning-like velocity, striking the ladder once in his fall—a moment later his body struck the ground, and he lay there quite still—a huddled heap in the moonlight.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Shut Safe.

CHICKS leaned forward and looked out of the window. Bullingham lay below, quite still and silent; he was lying in a strangely distorted attitude.

"Wait a minute," said Chicks, glancing in at the room, "he's got the cunning of the devil; I wouldn't trust him even now!"

Then he climbed out and warily descended the ladder, keeping his eyes fixed on the man below. When he reached the ground, he turned Bullingham's face upwards towards the moonlight; then after a moment's scrutiny of the face, of the dead eyes, which a few minutes before had looked into Rebecca's with such malevolent hate, slowly ascended and again climbed in at the bedroom window.

"Is he badly hurt?" asked Webster.

"He's dead," answered Chicks absently.

He was looking about the disordered room, which looked as if it had been visited by an earthquake.

"How did you get here?" he asked, suddenly turning a suspicious glance towards Webster.

"I heard a woman scream," answered Webster, "about ten minutes ago. I was standing at my window—I flung it up, and looked out, wondering where the sound could come from. Then I saw the ladder under the window there. I ran downstairs, got out of the house, and climbed up the ladder. I didn't know whose window it was or what had happened. But that scream was enough to freeze one's blood."

"I heard it!" said Chicks.

"And when I got into the room here," went on Webster, "I saw a man—an obvious burglar, it seemed to me—trying to open the safe there."

"Where was Rebecca?" asked Chicks.

The usual insolence of his tone had entirely departed—there was anxiety, almost dread, in his tone.

"Rebecca? There was no one here but the man."

"Rebecca was here!" retorted Chicks sharply; "this is her room—that's her bed—don't you see what's happened? He swore he'd murder her, and by God he's done it!"

"Murdered her!" shouted Webster.

He swept the room with his glance—there was no sign of Rebecca anywhere.

"He can't have done that!" he gasped.

"I tell you she's dead!" Chicks put his hand to his forehead. "My God, what a calamity! What a calamity! Bullingham must have been let out of gaol to-day, and I never knew!"

Suddenly he glanced at Webster. "She—she must be here somewhere! What was he doing when you got to the window?"

His words came in gasps. He was reviling himself inwardly—inwardly blaming himself for having failed to prevent Bullingham's getting at her.

"When I got to the window," repeated Webster, "I saw him at the safe there. He was bending trying to open it. I came across the room as quietly as I could and hit him. He fired at me from the carpet."

"Trying to open the safe?" ejaculated Chicks. "He can't have been doing that—it wasn't money he was after!"

"He was turning the handle this way and that," repeated Webster, "and was pulling and tugging and acting like a madman."

As Webster spoke he was standing between Chicks and the safe—suddenly Chicks leapt forward, flung him aside, and dashed at the handle of the safe. He, too, turned it and tried to draw open the massive door, but the automatic lock, that had closed firmly when Bullingham's weight was hurled against the door, still remained intact.

Webster was staring at him with bewilderment on his face.

Suddenly Chicks looked up and their eyes met. "My God," cried Chicks, "can't you understand? Don't you understand? She's in the safe!"

(Peaky is the only man who can open the safe without knowing the combination, and he is away in London. Next week's chapters will tell of Webster's desperate race to London to find Peaky.)

CUT THIS OUT.

Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises, or Catarrhal Deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferers perhaps from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrhal Deafness, head noises, etc., were the direct cause of constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money has been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated, and which has aroused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

Secure from your chemist 1 oz. Parmint (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home, and add to it ¼-pint of hot water and 4 oz. of granulated sugar; stir until dissolved. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most distressing head noises, headache, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., while the hearing rapidly returns as the system is invigorated by the tonic action of the treatment.

Loss of smell and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrhal poison, and which are quickly overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly ninety per cent. of all ear troubles are directly caused by catarrh, therefore there are but few people whose hearing cannot be restored by this simple home treatment. Every person who is troubled with head noises, catarrhal deafness, or catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.

IMPORTANT.—In ordering Parmint from your chemist, always specify that you want Double Strength. Should he not have it in stock, write to the International Laboratories, Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C., who make a speciality of it.

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Quips and Jestlets

THE WRONG POINT OF VIEW.

"An increase in salary!" exclaimed the pompous manager of a small omnibus company to a clerk who had just made that request. "I am afraid, sir, that you are too extravagant!"

He toyed with his heavy watch-chain and looked severely at the young man, who returned his stare boldly. It was the set phrase on such occasions, and the applicant had heard it all before. He meant to have his rise or—go somewhere else.

"Excuse me, sir," he replied respectfully, "I haven't any chance to be extravagant on what I earn."

"Young man," continued the pompous gentleman, "I have risen from the ranks. How? By being careful. When I was young I made money by saving 'bus fares."

"Ah, that was in the old days," said the young man, with a knowing wink. "But with the bell punches and the present system of inspection, you would find you couldn't save sixpence without being collared, however careful you were."

The manager nearly fainted, and the young man had to look for other employment.

"You have only given me three-halfpence, and the admission is threepence," said the girl at the pay-box.

"I know," replied the man; "but I ought to go in for half-price—I've only got one eye!"

First Married Man: "What is your idea of an angel?"

Second Married Man: "A woman without a tongue!"

JUST HOLDING HIS OWN.

THE moon had just slipped behind a cloud, and his arm incircled her waist. They had known each other a good while, and George did want to know how his suit was progressing.

"Darling," he pleaded, "you know how I love you with all my soul. Can you give me a little hope that may, like a bud, blossom forth some day? Nancy, I am one of many who have yielded to your charms, I am least worthy, but I hope not last in the race."

"Would you like to know very much?"

"Yes."

"Well, George, if you must know, you are holding your own!"

"IF there were four flies on the table and I killed one, how many would be left?" inquired the teacher.

"One," answered a bright little girl—"the dead one."

She: "Clara, is a very thoughtful girl."

He: "Is that so?"

She: "Yes, she's fitted her new matinée hat with a pair of opera glasses, for the use of the gentleman who gets the seat behind hers."

A POSER FOR PA.

SHE had gone off for the holidays, and left him at home to mind the youngster.

Bobby wouldn't let him rest. "Dad," he asked, "does it cost much to keep a lion?"

"It does, my son."

"A wolf would make a good meal for a lion, wouldn't it, dad?"

"I suppose so. Go and play."

"A fox would be satisfied with a hawk, and a sparrow would satisfy a hawk—eh, dad?"

"H'm! If you don't go away——"

"And a spider would make a meal for a sparrow?"

"Yes, yes. Now——"

"Wait a minute, dad. Now we're coming to it. A spider would be satisfied with a fly, wouldn't it?"

"Ye-s, my son."

"And a drop of treacle would be enough for a fly, wouldn't it?"

"Well, supposing it would?"

"Yes; that's just it, dad. Now what I want you to tell me is this: Could a man keep a lion for more than a year with a pound of treacle?"

And then the sound of a falling slipper awoke the echoes of the stilly night.

TO A POET.

Poet, although you've been extremely kind,
The time has come when I must speak my mind.
I think it is absurd for you to write
My "lips are like twin cherries"—what a sight
I'd be if such a silly thing were true!
Do cherries really look like lips to you?

Then, "shell-like ears"! To the marines, pray tell,
My ear is like a hard and slimy shell!
"With eyes like stars"! Indeed, sir, even at night,
My eyes are not two yellow dots of light.

"Hair like a raven's wing"! Fancy a maid
With short, stiff quills that wouldn't coil or braid!
And I would be the most distressed of girls
Were my teeth small and spherical "like pearls."

As to my neck, you really should be told
'Tis not "like alabaster," hard and cold.
Then, "arms like ivory"! Candid, I must own!
Why don't you say they're nothing but a bone?

O, prithee, Poet, if you think me fair,
With better things than these my charms compare.

Angry Woman: "What are you, I should like to know—a man or a mouse?"

Henpecked Husband: "A man, unfortunately. If I were a mouse, you'd be half-way up that lamp-post yelling for mercy!"

Her Ladyship: "Have you got the flowers for my hair to-night?"

Maid: "Yes, m'lady, but I have unfortunately mislaid your hair."

WHAT HAPPENED?

SEVERAL persons were making purchases in a grocer's shop on a very stormy day, when an old man, with a stick in one hand and a bundle in the other, entered and asked:—

"Did any of you drive up here in a cart?"

"Yes, I did," replied one man.

"Was it an old white hoss?"

"Yes."

"And an old woman on the seat?"

"Quite right."

"And can she manage that hoss?"

"I should think she can."

"Then it's all right," said the man of the stick and bundle. "The old hoss has run away, and the old woman is hanging to the tail-board, shouting 'Murder' with all her might; but if she can manage it there's no use anybody gettin' excited over it. What's the price of eggs to-day?"

NO WONDER.

THE scene was the smoking-room of an hotel.

At length the talk drifted to miraculous escapes. Some of the tales told would have raised hair on a bald head, so thrilling were they.

"I remember," said one, "how a little girl fell 250 feet over a precipice."

"Wasn't she killed?" they asked.

"No," said he. "She fell on to a hayrick, and was able to walk home."

Before they could recover from their astonishment, Mr. Smith chimed in:—

"I have just heard of a most remarkable accident to a bricklayer's labourer," he said. "Do you know that only yesterday one slipped off a forty-foot ladder on to the hard stone pavement below, and was not hurt in the slightest degree!"

"A miracle!" they all said at once.

"Oh, no; there was nothing marvellous about it. He slipped off the first step."

Lady (engaging assistant gardener): "And if I engage you, besides your other duties you will have to attend to the dogs and clean out their kennels, also clean out the parrot's cage, clean up my sons' workshop, and clean both their bicycles, also clean the motor-car except when the weather's dirty."

Applicant (overwhelmed): "And shall I have to clean *that?*"

Angler: "Is this public water, my man?"

The Inhabitant: "Ay."

Angler: "Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?"

The Inhabitant: "No; it'll be a miracle!"

THE OLD CAB-HORSE.

AT a certain country race meeting there was an event open to all comers. The sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line. The patience of this official was nearly exhausted.

"Bring up that horse!" he shouted; "bring him up! You'll get into trouble pretty soon, if you don't."

The rider of the refractory beast yelled back desperately: "I can't help it! This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till the door shuts, an' I ain't got no door!"

Harry: "Why do you roll your own cigarettes?"

William: "Well, old chappie, I must take some exercise, you know!"

Lady (in a hurry): "Why didn't you stop the 'bus at once, conductor, when you saw me waving my hand?"

Facetious Conductor: "Lor', miss! Why, I thought you was a-throwin' kisses at me!"

"MY old barber has left the city."

"You seem very regretful."

"Yes; he had been trying to sell me a bottle of hair tonic for the past ten years, and so far I have succeeded in standing him off. Now I shall have to start the battle all over with a new man."

HELLO, ARE YOU THERE?

THIS is how Jones played a joke on his friend Smith. He rung him up at his office, and said:—

"Is that Mr. Smith talking?"

"Yes."

"This is Central. We're testing the wires. Please step two paces to the left and say 'Hello!'"

"All right. 'Hello!'" sang out Mr. Smith, readily complying.

"Now step two paces to the right, and repeat."

"Yes, I'm to the right. 'Hello!'"

"Now kindly step two paces straight back from the transmitter, and repeat the test again, please."

Mr. Smith was by this time soliloquising strong thoughts, but he complied with a powerful "Hello!"

"Your voice is in good shape, Mr. Smith. Now, will you please step closer, stand on your head, and say 'Hello'?"

Then Smith began to see the joke.

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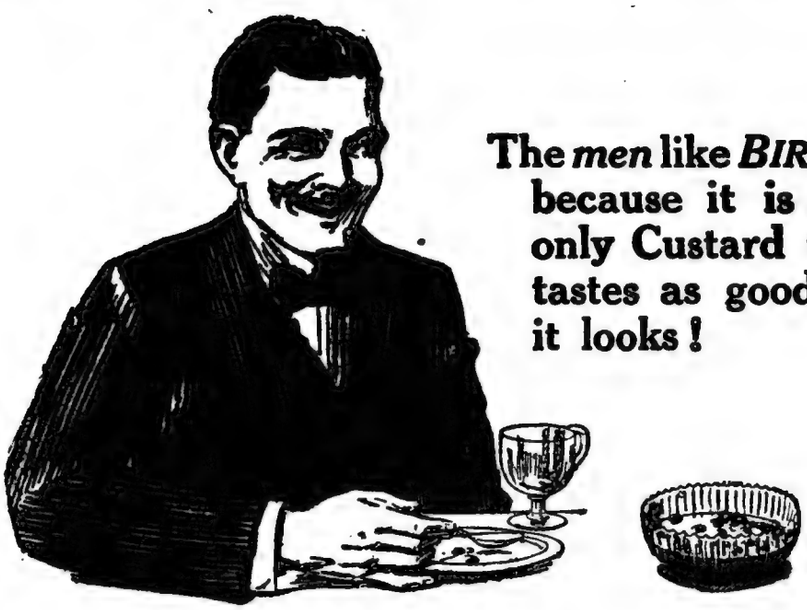

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HOLIDAY DANGERS

is the title of an interesting article in the Holiday number—the September number—of the

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MAGAZINE

DAINTY DISHES.

Lemon Curd.

Take the rinds of four lemons and rub with the cubes of one pound of loaf sugar. Place in a pan with the strained juice of the lemons and half a pound of butter. Simmer for five minutes, then allow to cool slightly, and add four well-beaten eggs. Place the pan on the fire and stir till quite thick, but do not allow to boil or it will curdle. Pour into bottles and store for use when required.

Gingerbread.

Take one pound of honey, put it into a clean saucepan, and place over a low gas-jet till melted, then stir into it six ounces of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of blanched and sliced sweet almonds, two ounces of shredded candied peel, and one ounce of powdered cinnamon. Mix thoroughly and sift in enough flour to form a stiff paste. Mix again and roll out two or three times. Cut into cakes and bake in a moderate oven.

Fish Fritters.

Take three-quarters of a pound of fish, and remove all skin and bone. Add the same quantity of cold boiled potatoes mashed, and place together in a basin with a seasoning of salt and a little anchovy essence. Put in the yolks of two eggs, and mix all together thoroughly. Then beat the whites of the eggs stiffly, and add to the other ingredients. Have ready a pan of boiling fat, and drop spoonfuls of the mixture into it. Fry to a light brown, and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Chocolate Sponge (Inexpensive).

Take two ounces each of butter and sugar, and cream them together, then add one well-beaten egg. Mix together two ounces of flour, one ounce of ground rice (or cornflour), two ounces of cocoa, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. When mixed, add to the other ingredients and mix with a gill of milk. Bake in two rounds. To make the cream filling, beat together one quarter of a pound of icing sugar with two ounces of butter, and flavour with vanilla.

Apple Chutney.

Peel and core two pounds of apples and cut them into small pieces, then cut one pound of tomatoes, and add to the apples, chop one pound of onions and half a pound of figs, stone and chop half a pound of raisins, and place all together in a saucepan, with half a pound of Demerara sugar, a quarter of a pound of salt, two ounces each of ground ginger and mustard seed, half an ounce of turmeric, a saltspoonful of cayenne, and two pints of vinegar. Boil for one hour. Bottle and store.

Banana and Apple Tart.

Make a short crust with half a pound of flour, two ounces of dripping, two ounces of lard, and a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix with milk, and divide in two. Butter a shallow plate, and cover with one half of the crust. Slice as many bananas as required, and cover the crust, then spread over this the pulp taken from a stewed apple. Cover with the other half of the crust, and bake in a moderate oven.

(*For this recipe a pair of scissors has been awarded to* MRS. LILY LOYNES, 29 *Meadow Place, South Lambeth, S.W.*)

Three Tomato Recipes.

Tomato Ketchup.

Take one pound and a half of red tomatoes, skin, mash, and pass them through a sieve. Then add half a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, and one of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of black pepper, and the same of allspice, with half a dozen cloves. Boil together, stirring well, till the mixture becomes thick. Then bottle.

Tomatoes and Breadcrumbs.

Take a baking dish and sprinkle a layer of breadcrumbs in it with a few small pieces of butter, then put a layer of tomatoes, then another of breadcrumbs till the dish is full; making the last layer one of breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, and before serving arrange a few sprigs of parsley on the top of the dish. (Tinned tomatoes can be used for this dish.)

Roasted Stuffed Tomatoes.

Cut off the top and scoop out the centres of as many tomatoes as required. Then make a mixture of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of butter, salt, and chopped parsley, mixed with a little of the tomato pulp, removed from the cases. Almost fill the cases with this, then arrange a little finely-chopped ham or bacon on the top of each and roast on a dish slowly for half an hour, arranging the rest of the tomato pulp around the cases.

The Woman of Thirty-five

By MADEMOISELLE "JEANNETTE," The Parisian Beauty Specialist.

THIS week I will confine myself to hints about wrinkles, "crowsfeet," and some of the other signs of passing years which are so great a worry to the woman of thirty-five who still feels young and wishes to look so.

Wrinkles are caused either by the shrinking of the fatty tissues beneath the skin or by the skin having become stretched through incorrect treatment. The latter is very often the result of massage roughly done without any consideration for the delicacy of the skin.

Some Hints on Massage.

Besides being done very gently, massage movements must always be carried out in an upward and outward direction—that is, stroking from the chin to the forehead, and from the corners of the mouth to the ears. I have used the word "stroking" so as to remove from the minds of my readers the idea (which I am sorry to say is pretty common) that to "massage" is to "rub."

Facial massage should consist of the gentlest strokes, so as to stimulate the muscles and feed the tissues (through the massage cream with which the finger tips are smeared) without in any way stretching the skin.

For general massage the strokes should be upward and outward, but when dealing with any special wrinkle the massage should be across the particular line which is being treated. For this I always advise the circular movement which I have found most satisfactory. After smearing a very little cream on the finger, go over the wrinkle making little circular movements with the finger, very lightly and gently. This is the best way to treat the ugly little lines which run from the nose to the mouth and give such an old appearance to the face.

What to do for "Crowsfeet."

"Crowsfeet," as every woman knows, is the name given to those little lines which form around the eyes. Sometimes these are caused through laughing, sometimes by the habit of screwing up the eyes when in too strong a light.

For these lines neither stroking nor rubbing must be employed. The tips of the first, second, and third fingers should be smeared with the cream or skin food which is being used for massage, and a series of little taps given lightly around the eye, care being taken to avoid the eye itself.

A Massage Cream.

The choice of a good massage cream or skin food is always difficult, as so many creams encourage the growth of superfluous hair on the skin.

The recipe given below is excellent as a food for the fatty tissues, makes the skin soft, smooth, and white, and does not encourage hair.

To make it, take half an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti; melt these in an enamelled cup or small saucepan (it can be placed over a low gas jet to melt). When these are melted stir into them half an ounce of "Dartring" lanoline. Stir till thoroughly blended. Then warm one ounce and a half of oil of sweet almonds (by placing the bottle in a cup of very hot water). When warm add to the wax, etc., and beat. Heat in the same way half an ounce of witch hazel and one ounce of rosewater, add these to the other ingredients and beat. Remove the pan or cup from the fire, and beat till quite cold, using an ordinary fork. When cold place in pomade pots.

Sagging Lines.

As I have already remarked, these lines are most difficult to deal with, and only yield to perseverance. An astringent lotion is necessary, and must be used every night.

Puffiness Under the Eyes,

whether caused by late hours or poor health, also require an astringent lotion, and any reader who suffers from either of these disfigurements can have full particulars for a treatment by inclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

(*"Jeannette" will be pleased to answer questions on any subject connected with the toilet. Letters to be addressed "Jeannette" care of Editor,* Pearson's Weekly, *and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.*)

HOME HINTS.

When Making Yorkshire

Or boiled batter puddings add two tablespoonfuls of cold water for each egg used. This will make the puddings lighter.

A Hint About Home Dyeing.

When tinting a white blouse any colour, mix a pinch of carbonate of soda in hot water and add it to the dye mixture. This will make the colour even and not patchy or streaky.

To Clean an American Cloth Suite.

Wash the cloth with warm soapy water, rinse with cold water, and dry with a smooth duster; then rub over with the white of an egg, allow to dry for a few minutes, then polish with a soft cloth or chamois leather. (*Reply to* "M.A.")

When Eggs are Scarce

Dissolve one tablespoonful of golden syrup in half a pint of warm milk. This quantity equals four eggs, and will be found excellent for binding puddings and cakes. Slightly less sugar should be used than would be necessary if eggs were employed instead of golden syrup.

To Make Frozen Mutton Taste Equal to English.

Place the joint in a large basin, and pour over it sufficient boiling water to cover, in which a lump of soda the size of a hazel nut has been dissolved. Leave for twenty minutes, then remove, wash off with cold water, dry with a cloth, and season before cooking.

Home-Made Candied Peel.

(Make your candied peel now, and it will save you expense at Christmas.) Take the orange and lemon peel and cut them in half, cover them with cold water, and boil till tender. Then boil two cupfuls of sugar with one cupful and a half of water until the syrup threads and will drop from a spoon. Put in the peel and cook for five minutes. Drain the peel from the syrup, and coat with granulated sugar. Store in a dry place.

(*For this hint a pair of scissors has been awarded to* MISS KITCHENER, *care of Miss Hammond,* 29 *Bells Hill, Bishop's Stortford.*)

How to Make Boots and Shoes Last Longer.

Wet Shoes

Should be allowed to dry slowly, and never placed near a fire.

A Little Grease

Should be rubbed into the leather before they are dried.

Blacking or Cream

Should be used sparingly and washed off occasionally, and a little castor or olive oil applied to the leather.

HOW TO PREVENT ACID STOMACHS AND FOOD FERMENTATION.

BY A STOMACH SPECIALIST.

As a specialist who has spent many years in the study and treatment of stomach troubles, I have been forced to the conclusion that most people who complain of stomach trouble possess stomachs that are absolutely healthy and normal. The real trouble, that which causes all the pain and difficulty, is acid in the stomach, usually due to, or aggravated by, food fermentation. Acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach and food fermentation causes wind, which distends the stomach abnormally, causing that full, bloated feeling. Thus both acid and fermentation interfere with and retard the process of digestion. The stomach is usually healthy and normal, but irritated almost past endurance by these foreign elements—acid and wind. In all such cases—and they comprise over 90 per cent. of all stomach difficulties—the first and only step necessary is to neutralise the acid and stop the fermentation by taking in a little warm or cold water immediately after eating, half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, which is doubtless the best and only really effective antacid and food corrective known. The acid will be neutralised and the fermentation stopped almost instantly, and your stomach will at once proceed to digest the food in a healthy, normal manner. Be sure to ask your chemist for the bisurated magnesia, as I have found other forms utterly lacking in its peculiarly valuable properties.—F. J. G.

The SCOUT is offering a Five-Pound note in a very simple competition. Buy your boy this week's number.

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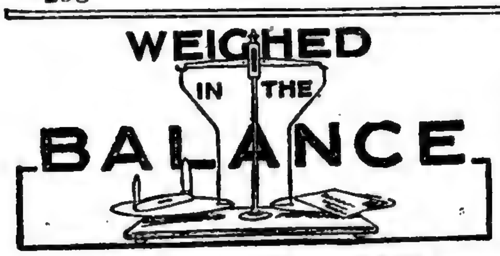


ANOTHER £1,000 FOOTBALL PRIZE.

SATURDAY next, September 6th, will decide whether the enormous prize of £1,000 offered in our opening Football Contest has been won, and nothing will give me greater pleasure than to be able to publish the name and address of the fortunate winner in the subsequent number of the paper. Meanwhile I am offering another prize of £1,000 in Contest Number 2, and I strongly advise and urge every reader to make a valiant effort to capture this huge sum. Remember, the winning of this prize will mean provision for life, indeed you can't realise what it would mean to you. Of this, however, you may be sure, it's worth your while to try, try, and try again in order to win so big a prize. You'll find full particulars of the new contest on page 283.

"P.W." GALA DAY AT BLACKPOOL.

OUR Gala Day at Blackpool Tower takes place on Monday, September 1st, the day this paper is on sale. Readers who wish to share in the many prizes we are giving away in the Tower should take a copy of this number with them and display it well.

"P.W." IN A MONASTERY.

P.W. has, I think, been found in nearly every part of the world, certainly every part that has the slightest pretence to civilisation. At intervals I receive a letter from a reader in some remote spot who writes to tell me of the unexpected appearance of his favourite paper. Such a letter comes from W. C. S., who lives in Rusapi, Rhodesia. "I have travelled nearly all over the globe," he writes, "and everywhere I have come across readers of *P.W.* But I think the most unexpected place to find it is in a Trappist Monastery. Trappists are the strictest order of monks in the Roman Catholic Church, and live entirely separated from the world and worldly affairs. At Scottsdale, near the Portuguese border, where no Europeans are to be found, and 150 miles from the nearest railway, I met one of these monks and stopped at his hut for a few hours. Imagine my surprise when he gave me *P.W.* to read! 'It is my best friend up here,' he told me, 'and has been my favourite paper for nearly fifteen years.' He showed me a number of books which he had called the '*P.W.* Encyclopædia,' and in which he had pasted clippings of general interest, jokes, and short stories to read when times were dull. His headquarters were at St. Trias Hill, in the wilds of Rhodesia."——

Thank you, W. C. S. In the past few months I have had letters from readers who have met with *Pearson's Weekly* in such out-of-the-way spots as Pleasant Island in the Pacific Ocean, the wilds of North Borneo, and the hut of a Zulu Chief. Black and white, yellow and brown, they all have one taste in common—*P.W.!*

NOT TO BE BEATEN!

J. B. writes: "I noticed in a recent issue that you had a fishing story called 'The Blooming Limit!' Well, I am not to be beaten, and I send you one which really is the limit.

A friend of mine, when away on his holidays last year, lost a valuable gold watch while he was fishing. This year he went to the same place for his holidays, and, of course, went fishing again. He caught a large trout, and when the fish was opened for cleaning, lo and behold! the gold watch was inside and still going! The motion of the fish swimming about had kept the watch constantly wound up."——

I give in, J. B., and acknowledge straight away that the story "The Blooming Limit," had a mistaken title! You might find the knife I am sending you rather useful for cutting open the next fish. But as the fish in your part of the world will apparently swallow most things, including gold watches, I should be careful not to take the knife out with me on a fishing expedition. You never know what might happen!

WHERE TO LEARN WIRELESS.

"I AM nineteen and dislike the work I am doing," writes GROCER'S ASSISTANT. "I was pushed into it, as it were, when a boy, and I want to break away. My great ambition is to be a wireless operator, and I have studied all the popular books on electricity I can find. Can you tell me the next step?"——

GROCER'S ASSISTANT is only one of many readers who have written to me lately asking the same question. The Marconi Company take wireless students between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. They must pass a medical examination, and agree to serve the company for at least twelve months, after they have learnt to operate, on board any ship going to any part of the world. The students are taught the use of wireless at Marconi House three evenings a week. The pay begins at £1 a week, with a 2s. 6d. rise each year, up to £2 15s. a week. Of course, free board and accommodation on board ship is provided. Any further information can be obtained from the Secretary, Marconi International Marine Communication Company, Marconi House, Strand, W.C.

THE WIFE'S EARNINGS.

TYPIST, as her pen-name implies, taps the keys merrily every day. But her question has nothing to do with the typewriter. "I am earning twenty shillings a week," she writes, "and I am engaged to be married, and, in fact, I am going to be married at Christmas. At the present moment my sweetheart and I are in the throes of discussing ways and means. He earns £3 a week, and insists that when we get married I shall give up my work in the city. On the other hand, I point out that the extra sovereign a week I earn will mean so much extra comfort for us both and enable us to enjoy little luxuries in the way of amusements and outings that we should otherwise have to do without. He steadily refuses to see my point of view, so I am writing to you to ask if you will try and bring him round."——

I am sorry, TYPIST, to be compelled to disagree with a lady, but I must in this case. Your lover is quite right in insisting that you shall give up your work, for though it is quite true the extra sovereign each week will allow you to have a better time out of the house, it will be counterbalanced by the poorer time you have in it. You won't like to come home every day and get a meal ready and do the housework, will you? Far better stay at home and prepare for your husband's home-coming. The experiment of husband and wife both going out to earn their living has been tried before, but it has rarely been successful.

A FIVER FOR THE YOUNGSTERS.

How I should like to be a boy again! to have a chance of winning some of the fine prizes that are offered to the younger generation nowadays.

In this week's SCOUT, for instance, a simple competition is announced with a cash prize of £5, in addition to "Meccano Outfits," Fishing Rods, Field Glasses, Books, and Penknives—any of them splendid and useful presents for boys.

You should certainly recommend your young friends to buy a copy of the current issue of this popular boys' paper, which is published on Thursday. Two new serials are starting in the same issue, so there is a feast of fiction in store for the reader as well as a chance of becoming the possessor of a valuable prize.

F.A.F. SPECIAL DAYS.

THE summer is going fast, and nearly all *P.W.* readers have had their annual holiday in the country or down by the sea. The only people who have not gone away, and who never will go away unless you send them, are the slum children of our big cities. Will you help them before it is too late? We have told you many, many times on this page that the sum of £8 2s. pays for a special day's outing for a party of 200 children with the necessary attendants, and that the day is named as the donor likes. If you would like to send a donation, and do not know anyone who is collecting £8 2s., do not let that stop your good intention. You can send subscriptions to the Hon. Sec., F.A.F., *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Below is a list of special outings which have just been arranged:

August 28th, *St. Paul's Church* Day; August 29th, *Misses Gilbert's Bazaar* Day; September 2nd, *Christian Age* party; September 2nd, *Sumner's Llandudno* party; September 2nd, *Babs and Eileen Northern* party; September 3rd, *Hallie Eustace Miles* party; September 3rd, *Railway Stores, Natal;* September 4th, *Railways, S.A.R.;* September 5th, *Natal Railways Railway People;* September 8th, *Pascall's Choral Society* party; September 8th, *The R.G.A., Rangoon,* party.

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 79.

The First Prize of £250 has been awarded to:
FRANK CROPP, "The Anchorage," Douglas Rd., Copnor, Portsmouth,
for the "Middle":
"BIPLANE"—NEAR-SIGHTED NATURALIST MYSTIFIED.

The Second Prize of £50 has been divided between:
T. POCOCK, 47 Bond St., Norwich, for:
"BAD EXAMPLE"—MISSIONARY EATING "NATIVES."
AND
A. G. SCHMUTZ, 43 Amesbury Rd., Cardiff, for:
"BAD EXAMPLE"—MISSIONARY SWALLOWING "NATIVES."

The Third Prize of £10 has been awarded to:
MISS S. STANDRING, 86 Osborne Rd., Blackpool, S.S., for:
"DESIRE"—SCHOOLBOY STROKING LIP.

The Fourth Prize of £10 has been awarded to:
R. B. HIND, 40 High St., Newcastle, Stoke-on-Trent, for:
"HOMELY"—MAIDEN DESCRIBES RIVAL.

The Fifth Prize of £10 has been awarded to:
MRS. EWING, 53 Stanhope Gardens, S.W., for:
"SEASIDE FLIRTATIONS"—SUNBURN AND HEARTBURN.

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

Ackary, G., 29 Westfield St., St. Helens, Lancs; Adams, J., 20, Waring St., Belfast; Allaun, Dr. I., 147A Stroud Green Rd., N.; Appleton, O., junr., 8 Milford St., Rochdale, Lan[illegible]; Ashall, A., 200 Gladstone St., St. Helens, Lancs; Ashworth, J., 188 Heywood Rd., Castleton, Lancs; Ashworth, Sarah A., 371 Halifax Rd., Todmorden; Aveling, H., Bishopstowe, M[illegible]burgh Hill, Herne Bay; Baggs, W. T., 4, St. Luke's Rd., Cheltenham; Barney, F., Quickley Lane, Chorleywood, Herts; Barber, Miss R., Killarney, Bredfield Rd., Woodbridge; Bat[illegible] E., Pontyshute, Landore, near Swansea; Biggs, J. G., "Cl[illegible]ville," Otley, Yorkshire; Bond, W., 10 Treaddur Sq., H[illegible]head; Bolton, Mrs. M. A., Pimp Hall Farm, Chingford; Brantom, W., Stoke Rd., Leighton Buzzard, Beds; Brim[illegible], T. H., 99 Fawnbrake Avenue, Herne Hill, S.E.; Browne, [illegible] Finn's Stores, Rye, Sussex; Bull, E. P., 34 Rossington Rd., Sheffield; Burdew, M., 56 High St., Andover; Clancy, [illegible] 1 Vernon St., S.C. Rd., Dublin; Clayden, C. W., 29 Ball[illegible] St., East Bowling, Bradford; Claydon, R., 96 Lower Archer St., Chelmsford, Essex; Clissold, F., 67 Cartland Rd., Stirchley, Birmingham; Colkin, J., Church St., Burbage, Hinckley, Leics.; Creen, S. B., Fingringhoe, Colchester; Crowhurst, J., 53 Walpole Rd., Bromley Common, Kent; Cusworth, C., [illegible] Park Rd., Aston, Birmingham; Davies, Mrs. M. H., "M[illegible]ville," Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire; Deaville, J., Onecote, near Leek, Staffs; Dobbs, E. T., 20 Barnado St., Nantyffyllon, near Bridgend, Glam.; Douglas, Miss I., Whitebridge Hotel, St[illegible]errick, Inverness; Eldon, Mrs. S. H., 363 Harold Rd., Hastings; Ellis, E., 7 Heathcote St., Newland, Hull; Emer[illegible], J., 70 New Bridge Rd., Hull; Feast, J. C., Lincewood, L[illegible]don Hills, Essex; Finnie, J., 17 Cardigan Grove, Kirkstall Rd., Leeds; Fitch, A. E., 25 Wyndham Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham; Fluck, F., Wellingore, Lincoln; Foster, C., 176 Walsley Crescent Rd., Sheffield; Fraser, W., 20 Netherton Tce., M[illegible] Rd., Wishaw, N.B.; Gerrard, T., 81 Brook Lane, Lamberhead Green, Wigan; Grant, J. E., Royal Jubilee School, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Gray, J., 143 Upper Wickham Lane, Welling, Kent; Green, P., 23 Milton Tce., Halifax; Greenbank, Mrs., Fr[illegible]thorpe, Oulton Rd., Lowestoft; Harris, E., Royal County Dairy, Haydons Rd., Wimbledon; Harrison, T. E., [illegible] Sandbeck St., Dingle, Liverpool; Hawkins, C. H., 74 Stock Lane, Aylesbury, Bucks; Herbert, A. W., Chapel E[illegible] near Atherstone, Warwick; Hervey, A., Stuston, Scole; Howard, J., 6, West George St., Windsor Bridge, Salford; Jones, T., 62 College Rd., Saltley, Birmingham; Kershaw, Miss L., 338 Longsight, near Oldham; Lambert, J. W., 9 Tullie St., Carlisle; Levey, A., Delaport, Wheathampstead, Herts; Lumsden, Mrs., 93 Menzies Rd., Torry, Aberdeen; McGrath, L. P., 42 Turner Place, Great Horton, Bradford; Marchant, S. R., 32 [illegible] Row, Chester; Margril, F. K., 97 Portsmouth Rd., Woolston, Southampton; Midgley, J., 17 Station Rd., Ossett, Yorks; Moloney, J. C., 2 Palk Rd., Wellingborough; Murph[illegible], G., The Lindens, Parkdale, Wolverhampton; Musgrave, C. [illegible], 237 High Rd., Leyton, E.; Nicoll, R., Royal Hotel, [illegible]; O'Brien, J. B., 46 Wilsteinson St., Warrington; [illegible] Mrs., Roseash, Gloucester Rd., Cheltenham; Owen, [illegible] 8 Grange St., Burton-on-Trent; Pierson, Mrs., 13 Hunter's Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Peter, J. R., 43 Wood St., W[illegible]; Poole, J., 206 Phythian St., Liverpool; Pound, T. [illegible] St. Downing St., Woodlands, Chippenham, Wilts; Pr[illegible], Miss E. M., Healaugh, near Richmond, Yorks; Pritt, T., 80 [illegible] Rd., Redcar, Yorks; Reid, A. H., Margaret Villa, [illegible] Rd., Belfast; Richardson, J., junr., Conservative Club, [illegible] Liverpool; Rudd, T., Cockton Hill, Bishop Auckland; [illegible] F. R., 256A Holburn St., Aberdeen, N.B.; Seymour, H. [illegible] Mount Pleasant, Bilston, Staffs; Simpson, J. B., 10 [illegible] Tce., West, Sunderland; Smith, Miss, 5 Waterloo Rd., [illegible]port; Sorrell, E. A., 148 Woolwich Rd., East G[illegible]; Spooner, E., Rhinderin, near Newport, Mon.; S[illegible] 23 Gordon St., Stairfoot, near Barnsley; S[illegible] "Springlands," Emerson Park, Hornchurch, Essex; T[illegible] R.N., 39 Oxford Rd., Bournemouth; Thomas, G. H., [illegible] Ruan, Minor, Cornwall; Todd, J. D., 97 Coniston Rd., [illegible]; Tomkins, H., 29 Patrick Rd., West Bridgford, Notts; [illegible]kinson, F. W., 8 Sandwell St., Walsall; Torrance, [illegible] Brentwood, Allendale; Webster, G., 366 Norden, near Rochdale; Whale, C. A., 6 Granville Rd., Toxteth Park, L[illegible]; Whiting, T. C., Barrow-on-Soar, Loughborough; Whitt[illegible] Mrs. H., Middleforth House, Penwortham, Preston; [illegible] Wilkinson, M., 19A Bowesfield Lane, Stockton-on-Tees; W[illegible]son, J., 24 Dudley St., Brooks's Bar, Manchester; W[illegible] Miss W., 31 Baywood St., Blackburn; Watson-Wright, R., "Wilrona," Benton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Vogel, L., 129 Clinton St., Brooks's Bar, Machester.

RULES FOR THE SUR—PRIZES COLUMN CONTESTS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly,* Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

2. You may take part in any number of these sur-prize column competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.

3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.

5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.

6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday, September 9.

7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.

8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Friday morning for the following Monday week's issue.

EVERYTHING SENT PRIVATELY on approval, then if satisfied you pay monthly. Furs, Furniture, Clothing, Rings, Bracelets, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Cruets, Gramophones, Sewing Machines, Bicycles. Lists free. State requirements.—Dept. 23, L. & S. Stores, Colebrook House, Finsbury Park, London, N.

HANDSOME MEN are slightly sunburnt. "Sunbronze" gives this tint, indetectable, harmless, genuine, 1/1½.—Sunbronze Laboratories, Walden, Surrey.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply E., 80 Aldersgate Street, London.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN ENGLAND FOR DRAPERS.—Ladies' Overalls, 9/6 dozen; Men's Caps, Hose, Socks, 2/9 dozen; Tablecloths, 11d. each; Dress Lengths, 2/6 each. Rents by Weight. Write for Catalogue. Cockhane's Stock Co., Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 10% buying from Factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, particulars, British Boot Co. (24), Portland Square, Bristol.

PSORIASIS POSITIVELY CURED.—No failures.—Hamilton, Marble Chambers, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS.—We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptance guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 50 per cent. if successful. Hundreds of delighted clients. Write to-day for Big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—ALL FREE.—Dugdale Co., 508 Dugdale Building, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

PILES CURED. Sample tube free. Gives immediate relief. Thousands of testimonials. Seven days' free treatment offered to all sufferers.—Send two penny stamps for postage to Lombio Depot L, 15 Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

BLUSHING CURED.—Doctor's famous recipe to order. Testimonials.—H. Stevens (Box 2), 71 Back Piccadilly, Manchester.

MOUSTACHES FORCED on smoothest face. Trial supply 7d. Immediate results. Particulars 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical 108 Co., 19 Bride Lane, London.

£3,000 STOCK.—Genuine sale Cycles, Tyres, Tubes, etc. Sale lists.—Gorton's, Wolverhampton.

STAMMERERS should write for particulars of a reliable Home Cure to E. E. Barker, 360 Albert Road, Avon, Birmingham, who cured himself. Fees moderate.

FACE JOY is always experienced when the face has been gently massaged with Peach-Bloom, the beautifying skin food that cleanses the pores and imparts to the face the redolence of Oriental flowers. Indispensable for relieving sunburn, redness, dry skin, roughness, and general skin irritation. One month's convincing trial, post free for 7½d.—Peach-Bloom Co., 4 Hichisson Road, Nunhead, London.

GLOSS YOUR COLLARS!—Easily done without trouble by using "REDFORD'S 'PIGTAIL' BRAND." Sample for post-card.—E. Redford's, Liverpool, E.

POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. E. Wilson, which may be had, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—One cannot hold one's own in life's battle if weak, worn, or easily jaded. Periodical attacks of moodiness, languor, despondency, depression, and groundless fears mean nerve troubles. Those so afflicted should drop a Post Card to the Useful Knowledge Publishing Co., P.O. Box 94, Bradford, when a little book on this subject will be sent free of any charge whatever. A little knowledge saves much medicine.

FUN FOR SIXPENCE.—Ventriloquist's Double Throat; fits roof of mouth, always invisible, astonishes and mystifies; sing like a canary, whine like a puppy, and imitate birds and beasts. 6d. each, four for 1/-.—Sydney Benson (Dept. T), 230 Pentonville Rd., London, N.

5 STAMPS.—Set 12 Denmark free. Send postage.—D. Jeffery, 94A Crawford Street, Marylebone, London.

ENERGETIC SMART AGENTS WANTED—Private Xmas Cards; free samples; unrivalled commission, delivery and workmanship.—Echo, 80 Aldersgate Street, London.

MONEY MAKING.—Those wishing to know about the art of making money should send post-card immediately for free particulars of our Remarkable Novel Scheme. Most excellent opportunities.—Green & Co., 17 Church Lane, Hull.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Handbook with lesson and specimen sent free.—Sloan-Duployan Headquarters, Dept. L., Ramsgate.

STAMPS.—Grand set 12 Russia free.—A. Daniels, 11 Vastern Road, Reading, Berks.

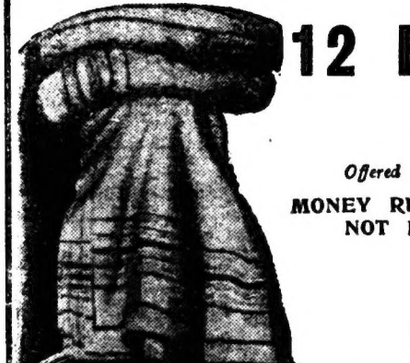
ADAMS'S HYGIENIC FLOOR POLISH

Study the Advertisements and when to writing advertisers please mention "P. W."

FREE "NEW PRIVATE METHOD" EFFORTS!
Let me demonstrate to **YOU** the unique "winning lines" produced by the above system, specially adapted to "**MIDDLES.**" Numerous wins in "P. W." (Investigation invited). Send stamped address for 3 exclusives **FREE**, and list of wins which will prove **prizes can be won by free efforts.**
F. GRIFFIN, Coalbournbrook, Stourbridge.

GALAXY BARGAIN BALE,

CONTAINING



12 BLANKETS

21/-

Offered Below Wholesale Prices.

MONEY RETURNED IN FULL IF NOT FULLY SATISFIED.

The lot, packed free, and sent on receipt of amount.

- **2 Superb Quality Cream Blankets**, soft, warm, and comfortable, 52in. by 72in., beautifully whipped with crimson.
- **2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets**, a most durable and useful blanket, size 50in. by 70in., bordered.
- **2 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets**, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well-finished and edged, size 51in. by 70in.
- **2 Large Coloured Shetland Blankets**, very durable quality, soft, warm, and comfortable, full size, 45in. by 65in.
- **2 Warm Woollen Blankets**, soft Twill make, splendid durable quality, size 82in. by 54in., weight 5lb. Very warm.
- **2 Cream Coloured Warm, Fine Quality Crib Blankets**, soft as velvet, wash well, and beautiful finish, full size.

FREE

12 WHITE BEDROOM TOWELS GIVEN WITH EACH PARCEL

All orders executed in rotation as they arrive by post.

TESTIMONIAL.—Palmerstown, Straffan, Ireland.—Lady Maria Ponsonby received the 21/- Bale of Blankets quite safe yesterday with many thanks. They are very good. Oct. 11th.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Quilts, Table Linen, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Curtains, Blankets &c., Post Free, if, when writing, you mention Pearson's Weekly, 6/9/1913.

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Makers, Importers & Merchants, **WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.**

The Graves System of Business ensures absolute satisfaction. Every order is executed on the distinct understanding that unless you are entirely satisfied with the goods after examination, we immediately refund your money in full.

GRAVES

We deliver the goods Carriage Paid to approved orders on receipt of a small payment, and allow the fullest approval. If cash is sent within Seven Days of delivery, you have the liberty to deduct 2/- in £ Cash Discount.

GRAVES FOLDING CARS

The 'Wharfedale' Model is constructed with Seamless Tubular Framework, handsomely enamelled. Dark Green or Navy upholstered coverings; 10½inch Wheels with ⅝-inch wired-on Tyres; Flexible Springs; Handsome Hood and Apron. Delivered carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- now, and the balance in nine monthly payments of 5/- if entirely satisfied.

5/- with order

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Handsome Illustrated List of a full range of Folding Cars free for Post Card. All styles at closely-cut prices, and supplied on Easy Terms or 2/- in the £ Cash Discount.

Send Post Card To-day. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE

This Handsome & Powerful Gramophone complete with 10 superb 10in. Disc Record Selections, carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- Now, the Balance in 9 Monthly payments of 5/- if entirely satisfied after examination in your own home. Dark Oak Cabinet with ornamental Panel, Powerful Silent Steel Motor, 16in Seamless Sound Horn, and all the latest improvements.

5/- with order

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Send Postcard for illustrated Book of High-grade Gramophones at challenging prices & on easy terms, or cash discount. Ask for unparalleled Disc Record Offer. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

CLINCHER TYRES

ON EASY TERMS AT CASH PRICES. All Tyres carry Manufacturers' Guarantee

We supply this world-renowned make of Tyre at rock-bottom cash prices on Easy Terms. Any grade of 'Clincher' Tyres supplied to approved orders for small payment with order, and the balance to be completed in equal monthly payments if you are entirely satisfied after full examination in your own home.

The 'Clincher' B Motor Cycle Tyre with beaded edge. Cover only.

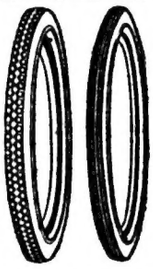
26 x 2	21/-	3/6 Monthly
26 x 2½	27/6	4/7 Monthly

The 'Clincher' A Won Motor Cycle Tyre. Beaded edge. Cover only.

26 x 2	26/3	4/6 Monthly
26 x 2½	31/7	5/3 Monthly
26 x 2¾	36/3	6/- Monthly

The 'Clincher' De Luxe Rubber Studded Non-Skid Motor Cycle Tyre, made with beaded edge only. Single Covers in following sizes:—

26 x 2½	39/-	6/6 Monthly
26 x 2¾ (to fit 2¾ rim)	45/6	7/7 Monthly
26 x 3½	47/6	7/11 Monthly



J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

The 'Clincher' Popular Tyre. Wired or Beaded edge, as ordered. Supplied 28 x 1½ only. Cover and Tube, 11/3 2/3 Monthly

The 'Clincher' B Tyre. Wired edge. Supplied in all standard sizes. Cover and Tube, 13/1 2/8 Monthly. Beaded edge, 3d. extra.

The 'Clincher' A Won Roadster Cycle Tyre, wired or beaded edge as ordered. Supplied in all standard sizes. Cover and Tube, 17/- 2/10 Monthly

The 'Clincher' Vacuum Grooved Tyre, with wired or beaded edge, as ordered. Supplied in all standard sizes. Cover and Tube, 18/- 3/- Monthly

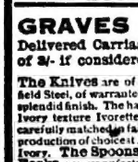
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Send a post card to-day for our handsomely illustrated Catalogue of 'Clincher' Cycle and Motor Cycle Tyres, all of which we supply on easy terms at cash prices, from 7/6

GRAVES SUITS

EXACTLY TO YOUR MEASURES. Delivered on receipt of small payment.

GRAVES SUITS embody all the essentials of a great tailoring success—good style, good taste, good value; and our convenient Easy Terms enable you to have your suit immediately on receipt of small payment with order, and spread the cost over the next few months.

Write for Patterns. A post card to-day will bring you the finest display of Cloth Samples ever submitted at the price, and these cuttings from the cloth lengths which we are now making up will enable you to judge of the excellence of the materials we are using and the undoubted superiority of design which characterises our cloths and commands the approval of the most fastidious customer. This unrivalled range of Cloth Samples of smart, gentlemanly suits priced at 35/- and 42/- include Tweeds, Cheviots, Worsted Serges, Plain Black and Blue Vicunas, and a splendid line in hard-wearing Yorkshire Suitings.



Write to-day for our comprehensively Illustrated Catalogue of high-grade footwear for Men, Women, and Children. This book is illustrated throughout from direct photographs of the actual Boots and Shoes. Our selection is so extensive as to meet all tastes, & our prices suit all pockets. We supply any quantity of footwear on receipt of small payment now, balance being completed in equal monthly payments after full examination at home. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

GRAVES SERVICE OF SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Delivered Carriage Paid to approved orders for 3/- Now, and Nine Monthly Payments of 3/- if considered entirely satisfactory after full examination in your own home.

The Knives are of genuine Sheffield Steel, of warranted temper and splendid finish. The handles are of Ivory texture Ivorette, and are carefully matched to faithful reproduction of choicest African Ivory. The Spoons and Forks are manufactured from Columbian Silver, which is a hard white metal bearing a superfine polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, and retains its virgin whitelustre under all conditions of wear.

2/- in £ Cash Discount. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

Graves Service Comprises (50 Pieces without Case).

6 TABLE KNS	6 DESSERT KNS
6 TABLE FKS	6 DESSERT FKS
6 TEA SPOONS	6 DESSERT SPS
6 EGG SPOONS	1 SUGR SPOON
2 TABLE SPNS	1 SUGR TONGS
1 SALT SPOON	1 JAM SPOON
PR GENUINE SHEAR STEEL CARVERS	
CURVED BLADE, IVORETTE HANDLES	

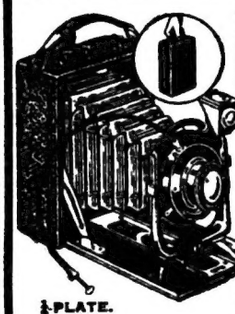
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. We send our Handsomely Illustrated Manufacturer's Catalogue of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Electro Plate Post Free.

GRAVES 'SURBITON' HAND CAMERA.

Folds up to 4¼ x 5½ x 2½. The Graves 'Surbiton' ¼-Plate Model. Ebonised polished base board, nickelled fittings, solid leather bellows, solid aluminium cast stirrup shaped lens front, engraved focusing scale from 3 to 25 feet, and infinity, reversible oblong and upright view finder, variable speed shutter that works trigger and antinous release. Beck Neostigmar Anastigmat Lens series III a No. 3, aperture F.7.7. (maker's catalogue price of Lens £1 : 17 : 6).

5/- with order

DELIVERED complete with two single Metal Dark Slides and waterproof carrying case carriage paid to approved orders for 5/- with order, balance to be paid in 11 monthly payments of 5/- if you are entirely satisfied after full examination and trial.



¼-PLATE.

Write for Catalogue. Hand, Folding, and Stand Cameras at the keenest rock-bottom prices, from 7/6 up, and all supplied on approval for easy monthly payments or 2/- in £ discount for Cash.

GRAVES CYCLES.

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Speed King' Model de Luxe exactly to specification (Lady's or Gent's) carriage paid to all approved orders, for 10/- Now, and Easy Monthly Payments after delivery until the account is cleared, if you are entirely delighted & satisfied.

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SPECIFICATION REYNOLDS' STEEL TUBING; DUNLOP FIRST GRADE TYRES; PHILLIPS YORK AND HINGE BRAKES; STURMEY-ARCHER 3-SPEED GEAR; H. RENOLD ROLLER CHAIN; BROOKS PLATED SPRING SADDLE; WILLIAMS CHAIN WHEEL AND CRANKS; HOFFMANNS' STEEL BALLS; DOVER GRIPS AND LEVER TIPS.

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1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	4th PRIZE	5th PRIZE
£250	£50	£10	£10	£10

100 PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

The adjudication of the attempts in the "Middles" competitions is carried out in such a way that the best lines must win. There is no element of chance. All the entry forms received undergo a preliminary examination by a staff of competent judges, and those lines which show no merit, or which have in any way contravened the rules of the competition, are put aside. The remainder are then again carefully read, and those showing the greatest amount of merit are placed before the Editor who, in consultation with three responsible members of the staff, finally decides the order of merit. This system keeps a staff of judges continually employed.

The method adopted is so thorough and exhaustive that it is quite impossible any meritorious line to be overlooked. The names and addresses of the competitors are never taken into consideration, and no award is decided arbitrarily on any one opinion. No pains are spared to insure the success of the really best lines.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with any one of the letters contained in the word or phrase you choose, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the word "SNEAK." Use, say, the letter "S" as the initial for the first word and, say, "G" and "D" for the second and third, and we get "SCHOOLBOYS GENERALLY DESPISE." Or, using the same word "SNEAK," we could use the letter "A" as initial for our first word, and, say, "T" for the second word, and we get "AFTERWARDS THRASHED."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

SPITEFUL	SEAWEED	SNEAK	MY DOOM	ROUGHING IT
SOFT JOB	NOSE RINGS	MUD PIES	SLACK TIME	CHUMMY SW
PICKLES	BLUE-BOOK	BLACK-LIST	EVENING STAR	SHAM ILLN
LUCKY DOG	BLACK HAND	FAIRY TALES	JILTED LOVER	PRISON L
POLICE GUARD	NOT WANTED	ON FURLOUGH	AWFUL WEATHER	ATTRACTIV
SIMPLE LIFE	DONKEY RACE	RIPPLING SEA	SECLUDED SEAT	HENPECKE
UNCLE SAM	RICH WIDOW	FALLING LEAVES	DUNNE AEROPLANE	SOCIETY W
POINT BLANK	GETTING GOALS	UPSIDE DOWN	LOVELY SUNSET	FEELING S

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

[illegible]

THE RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 79 APPEARS ON PAGE 295.

Cut across here

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 82.

		"MIDDLES"
82	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter [illegible] understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

☞ You may send TWO "Middles" on the above entry form with a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

Cut across here

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 82.

		"MIDDLES"
82	.....	.....
	.....	.....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter [illegible] understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed ..... [No. of P.O. .....

Address .....

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(For terms see below.)

503 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

[illegible] any number of claims of £2,000 [illegible] £2,000 [illegible] THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, [illegible] Street, London, [illegible] "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," [illegible]

[illegible] Subscribers who have only paid a twelve months subscription [illegible] Sunday, [illegible] 1913, [illegible] subscription, [illegible] entry form. It is [illegible] the Newsvendor's Profit to the public [illegible] Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature .....

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HOUSEBREAKI[illegible]
LARCENY
and THEFT wi[illegible]

The OCEA[illegible]

Accident & Guarantee Corporation [illegible]
MOORGATE STREET, LONDON

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IN A CUP OF

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THE RECORD HOLDER OF BIG WINS, AGAIN WINS A CLIENT A BIG PRIZE.

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FIRST PRIZE in "ANSWERS," Aug. 9th.

"REGISTERED LETTER—ROWTON HOUSE RARITY."

Supplied by me to **Mr. C. R. Corsbie, 24 Grove Avenue, NORWICH.**

Another FIRST PRIZE in "YOUR FAVOURITE COMPETITION," Aug. 2nd.

Supplied by me to a JARROW-ON-TYNE Client.

2 *MORE PREMIERS, "ANSWERS," Aug. 2nd.*

"ON THE SANDS—ONE CLUTCHES 'STRAWS.'"
"LONG TO WAIT—LAKE KILLARNEY TRANSCENDED."

2 *MORE PREMIERS, "ANSWERS," Aug. 16th.*

"TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS—TOWN SWALLOWING SUBURBS."
"PERFECT FARCE—PRONUNCIATIONS IN ENGLISH."

4 *MORE PREMIERS in "JOHN BULL."*

"HAPPY MOMENTS—STIGGINS LABELS SINFUL."
"FEELING FOOLISH—LOOKS OFTEN SYNCHRONIZE."
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Miss Ellis Jeffreys
Miss M. Martin-Harvey
Miss Madge Fabian
Miss Ethel Dane
Miss Margery Maude

WRITE FOR THIS WEEK'S

Miss Margaret Cooper
Miss Gladys Cooper
Miss Frances Dillon
Miss Mabel Russell
Miss Violet Vanbrugh
Miss Hilda Trevelyan

1d. HOME NOTES. 1d.

SUR-PRIZES CONTESTS RESULTS.

"TWELVE" CONTEST.

Prizes of fifty crêpe de Chine ties were offered to readers who submitted the best twelve-word sentences formed from words selected from twelve different lines in the reading matter of *P.W.* dated August 9th. The winners were as follows:

A. Appleton, 4 Princess Tce., Rosamond St., Hull; N. Barker, 128 Newlands Place, Pollard Lane, Bradford; W. M. Bland, Derby House, Coombe Rd., Salisbury; W. E. W. Blencowe, 6 Richmond Tce., Kingsland Rd., Salisbury; L. Breeze, Jnr., 1 Water Lane, Stratford, E.; H. F. Brown, 11 Hubert Rd., South Wimbledon, Surrey; R. T. Charlton, Dundarroch St., Larbert, Stirlingshire; C. D. Cheesbrough, Netherfield, Notts; J. Cheesbrough, Netherfield, Notts; E. Cleasby, 19 Bingley St., Harpurhey, Manchester; J. A. M. Dennison, 26 Teviotdale Place, Edinburgh; C. Farr, 1 Hamilton Rd., Salisbury; F. W. Finch, 66 King Edward Rd., Coventry; F. W. Gifford, 63 Gibraltar St., Bolton; B. Griffiths, 6 Hunter's Lane, Wavertree, Liverpool; E. Griffiths, 38 Balls Rd. East, Birkenhead; T. Herring, 86 Salisbury Tce., Darlington; B. J. Holloway, 25 Sutherland Sq., Walworth, S.E.; N. H. Irving, Leander Cottage, Bembridge, I.O.W.; L. D. Jennings, College St., Putney, S.W.; H. Kemble, 6 Hedley Rd., Fleetville, St. Albans; D. Kinnear, 25 Deneside Gdns., Smiddles Lane, Bradford; R. Lamb, 83 East Parade, York; A. Lenton, 28 Hervey St., Northampton; J. Londen, Vale View, Polmont, N.B.; A. Ludlow, 7 Rosliston Rd., Stopenhill, Burton-on-Trent; A. E. William, 50 Oxmantown Rd., Phœnix Pk., Dublin; P. Mason, 136 Bucknall New Rd., Hanley, Staffs.; J. Michael, 135 West End Lane, West Hampstead, N.W.; A. Mickler, 131 High St., North Shore, Blackpool; T. Millikin, 14 MacLean St., Partick, Glasgow; Montgomery, 42 Marion Rd., Sheffield; J. H. Morse, Dolyfelin St., Caerphilly; A. W. Newton, 11 Portland St., Leamington Spa; D. Noir, 1 Vale Drive, New Brighton; J. Norfolk, 19 Red Row, Bedlington; R. Page, 4 Huddleston St., Openshaw, Manchester; H. Palmer, 1 Una Rd., Parkeston, Harwich; M. Perkins, 32 Mill Hill Rd., Hinckley, Leicester; F. Quigley, 7 Harris Ave., Didsbury Rd., Stockport; R. W. Reynolds, 62 Norbury Court Rd., Norbury, S.W.; G. Richards, Hawthorn Villa, Padstow, Cornwall; W. Rucker, 34 Leach Lane, St. Annes-on-Sea; E. H. Sadler, Ashford, Greenham Rd., Muswell Hill, N.; E. Stobart, 1 Kingswood St., Gt. Horton, Bradford; W. Sutcliffe, 3 Melford St., Dudley Hill, Bradford; H. Taylor, 83 Hermitage Rd., Hale, Cheshire; H. C. Taylor, 7 Chestnut Cottages, Princes Rd., Weybridge; J. Thornton, 6 Drive, Oatlands Pk., Weybridge; E. Tindall, 9 Franklin Mount, Harrogate.

"STORIES" CONTEST.

In this contest readers were invited to say in what order of merit they consider the six complete short stories in the Bank Holiday number of *P.W.* should stand, and to the twenty-five competitors coming nearest to the general order of popularity the prizes of Leather Belts have been awarded:

Allen, 15 Board St., Irthlingborough, Wellingborough; A. Brown, Grassmillees, Mauchline, Ayrshire; B. P. G. Chubb, 31 King St., Plymouth; F. Collins, Elmwood Green, Stainland, nr. Halifax; S. Coulter, Sidney Villa, Ordnance Rd., Enfield Wash, N.; E. Cooper, Falfield, Glos.; H. B. Ganard, 37 Culross Rd., Upper Green, S. Tottenham; B. Gibson, 35 Dorset St., Hull; A. Hall, 30 Walton Crescent, nr. Warrington; S. M. Hall, New Antrim St., Castlebar, Co. Mayo; J. I. Hyde, 96 New Row, New Delaval, Newsham, S.O., Newcastle-on-Tyne; E. J. McGibbon, 1 Moor Rd., Wath-on-Dearne, Rotherham; L. J. Picknell, 14 Earl's Court Rd., Kensington, W.; P. H. Jordan, 1 Castle St., Ongar, Essex; E. C. Pane, 132 St. Benedict's Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham; Mrs C. Pilbeam, 16H Rochester Buildings, Old Pye St., Westminster; Mrs. L. Procter, 34 Leach Lane, St. Annes-on-Sea; A. E. Puttick, 68 London Rd., Camberley, Surrey; E. H. Sadler, "Ashford," Grunham Rd., Muswell Hill, N.; W. Slater, 60 Arthur St., Blackburn, Lancashire; T. Spear, 36 Troenant St., Pontypool, Mon.; A. F. H. Webster, 246 King St., Aberdeen; J. Whyte, 51 Commercial St., Pathhead, Kirkcaldy; M. Withey, Tregernean, St. Mawes, Cornwall; F. W. Wernham, 11 Midway Place, Bush Rd., Rotherhithe, S.E.

"SHINY" CONTEST.

A man with a shiny, bald head,
Took his paper and quietly read,
Till a bee with a sting,
At his head took a fling,
When he said . . .

The following were the winners of the twenty-five sock suspenders offered for the best endings to the above verse:

A. L. Allbrook, 12 Westborough Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea; H. Allen, 87 Kentish Town Rd., N.W.; A. Appleton, 4 Princess Terr., Rosamond St., Hull; E. Arnold, 67 St. Mary St., Cardiff; A. H. Birch, Haverford Risca, Mon.; A. Blake, 11A Vera Rd., Fulham; J. Burdon, 538 High Rd., Chiswick, W.; Miss E. Charlton, Dundarroch St., Larbert, Stirlingshire; R. A. Clarke, 82 Festing Grove, Southsea; Geo. Downes, 46 Beaumont St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; F. W. Finch, 66 King Edward Rd., Coventry; F. W. Gifford, 63 Gibraltar St., Bolton; Miss T. Hayes, High St., Tralee, Co. Kerry; T. Herring, 86 Salisbury Tce., Darlington; G. H. Hope, 130 Victoria Drive, Eastbourne; L. D. Jennings, 48 College St., Putney, S.W.; W. F. Jones, Bryn Awel, Gwersyllt, Wrexham; G. Lund, 5 Park View Terr., Bradford; J. Martin, 71 Shamrock St., Glasgow; R. A. Negus, Suffolk Rd., Cheltenham; Mrs. Perkins, 32 Mill Hill Rd., Hinkley; Thos. Powell, 23 North Terr., Inchicore, Dublin; J. Norfolk, 19 Red Row, Bedlington, Northd.; T. Swingler, 93 Bardolph St., Leicester; L. Ward, 53 Birkhall Rd., Catford, S.E.

"SIGHED" CONTEST.

"Why was it the sea sighed?" Prizes of braces were offered to the twenty-five senders of the best answers to this conundrum, and the winners were the following:

Oliver Baird, 127 Telephone Rd., Southsea; H. Beveridge, 28 Keppoch St., Springburn, Glasgow; Geo. Bradley, Overton, Ellesmere, Salop; Alex. Brown, c.o. A. Hunt, 546 Gallowgate, Glasgow; Duncan Buchanan, 382 St. Vincent St., Glasgow; L. Classey, 33 Park Rd., Battersea; J. H. Cropp, 66 Guildford Rd., Kingston, Portsmouth; W. J. Davidson, 2 Cleveland Terr., N. Shields; F. Faries, 91 Back Cropper St., Rochdale Rd., Manchester; W. Frogley, 24 The Retreat, Surbiton Hill, Surrey; H. Gregg, Discharge Depot, Gosport; P. Harkness, 23 Turnbull Rd., Manchester; Geo. Hilling, 53 Lordship Lane, E. Dulwich; C. P. Hines, 47 Tennyson Rd., Birmingham; J. S. Kearney, 18 Ellesmere Ave., Dublin; J. Keboe, 90 Durning Rd., Liverpool, E.; C. Lovegrove, 42 West St., Henley-on-Thames; D. Macarthur, 29 Granville St., Clyde Bank, N.B.; A. D. Mackie, 3 Parkview Cottages, Kircaldy; J. J. Matthews, Virginia, Co. Cavan; J. S. Noble, 266 Union Grove, Aberdeen; T. S. Nunn, 112 Bridge St., Mile End, E.; A. Oakley, 50 Butler Rd., Harrow; T. W. Wood, 736 Liverpool Rd., Patricroft; S. H. Young, 2 Arm Vale, Stratford Rd., Salisbury.

"DAMSONS" CONTEST.

Lady competitors were requested to solve the problem "Why is a damson tart like the Home Notes page of *Pearson's Weekly?*" and for the best answers sent in the prizes of twenty-five crêpe de Chine bows have been allocated thus:

Mrs. Blencowe, 6 Richmond Terr., Kingsland Rd., Salisbury; Miss R. Cousins, 11 Bolton Gardens, S. Kensington, S.W.; Miss A. Clancy, 11 Upper Tooting Park Mansions, Balham, S.W.; Miss J. Davies, 8 Ferry Rd., Pennar, Pembroke Dock, S. Wales; Mrs. Ely, 5 Stanley Grove, Blackpool; Mrs. Gorst, 72 Gowan Lea, Lancaster; Miss D. C. Hayward, Little Thurlow, Suffolk; Mrs. Hurley, 5 Upper Park Fields, Putney, S.W.; E. M. Heast, 17 Barclay Rd., Fulham; Miss C. Moore, 54 Military Rd., Pennar, Pembroke Dock, S. Wales; Miss I. Mann, 8 Cheltenham Tce., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss G. Main, 23 Livingstone Place, Edinburgh; Mrs. Montgomery, 42 Marion Rd., Sheffield; Miss V. Montgomery, Myrtle Cottage, Church St., Ryde, I.O.W.; Miss J. M. Matheson, 28 King St., Lossiemouth, Scotland; A. Midwinter, 10 John St., Sale, nr. Manchester; H. Millikin, 14 McLean St., Partick, Glasgow; Miss E. Nash, Wonersh, Guildford; Mrs. Nash, 135 Melfort Rd., Thornton Heath; M. Panton, 34 Stephen's Green, Dublin; Mrs. Rhodes, c.o. Oakdene Villa, Burnage Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester; Miss E. Simpkins, 75 Elgin Mansions, Maida Vale, W.; Miss E. Tait, Foreman House, Seaton Delaval, Northumberland; Mrs. Ward, 53 Birkhall Rd., Catford, S.E.; E. Whitehouse, Carleton Villas, Pontefract.

"TAX" CONTEST.

The prize of a suède belt has been sent to each of the following twenty-five lady readers who suggested the best reasons, funny or serious, why bachelors should *not* be taxed:

R. A. Barnes, 114 Gt. Union Rd., St. Heliers, Jersey, C.I.; S. Bateman, Tram Terminus, Walsall Wood, S. Staffs.; R. Betts, c.o. Miss Wickham, 3 Dragon Parade, Harrogate; W. S. Boyne, 18 Ellesmere Ave. Rd., Dublin; C. Brown, 68 West Regent St., Glasgow; Alice Chadwick, 20 Bellmore St., Garston, Liverpool; M. Eynes, 37 Hawarden Ave., Liverpool; S. F. Harvey, 18 St. Hubert's Rd., Gt. Horwood, Blackburn; E. M. Heath, 17 Barclay Rd., Fulham, S.W.; M. Hutchinson, 64 Burns' Rd., Aberdeen; M. Hyde, Worton, Atherstone, Warwickshire; L. W. Jackson, Gould's Square, Crewkerne, Somerset; E. MacWilliam, 50 Oxmantown Rd., Phœnix Park, Dublin; J. M. Matheson, 28 King St., Lossiemouth, Scotland; M. Mitton, 9 Ashburton Ave., Addiscombe; M. Morgan, 105 Rathcoole Gardens, Hornsey, N.; C. Moore, 54 Military Rd., Pennar, Pembroke Dock, S. Wales; E. Morrison, 19 Brailford Rd., Fallowfield, Manchester; M. Pearce, 11 Albion St., Chester; K. M. Ross, New Spynie, Elgin, N.B.; A. Rosser, Gwynfryn, Pentrohowell, Pencoed, Bridgend, S. Wales; D. Salmon, Tregony, Larnoweth Rd., Penzance; J. Smythe "Woodcote," 5 Station Rd., Cromer; S. Steer, 37 Connaught Rd., Bowerham, Lancaster; S. Warhurst, 74 Ryecroft Place, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire.

This week's Sur-Prize Contests appear on page 281.

FRIENDS IN NEED

are the best friends. Anyone can find friends in plenty when fortune smiles, but times of adversity put friendship to the test. It is a good thing to know who are one's true friends. It is also well to know upon what useful things we can depend and then we shall not be caught unprepared. There are times, for instance, when a man or woman needs a little medicine. If you are troubled with an unpleasant sense of fulness after eating, or wind, if your bowels are irregular, if you are bilious, headachy, liverish, see spots before the eyes, suffer from nervous irritability, depression of spirits, broken sleep, or, in a word, if you lack energy and feel generally "below par," you should at once have recourse to Beecham's Pills, the remedy without equal for all irregularities of the digestive organs. Ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels ought not to be neglected, as they are likely to bring about most troublesome illness. Be wise in time. If taken as directed,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

give quick relief, purifying and reinvigorating the system. The enormous success and ever-increasing popularity of this medicine is due to the fact that it can be depended upon to do what is required. Good health is precious and worth preserving. The sensible use of Beecham's Pills—a dose now and then as occasion demands—will be found of the utmost value for keeping the liver and bowels properly active, the stomach healthy and the appetite good, thereby promoting sound digestion and a well-nourished body and brain. You cannot be at your best, physically or mentally, if out-of-sorts. Therefore, upon the first indication of anything wrong, take Beecham's Pills, which have the popular reputation of being Worth a Guinea a Box. Many people keep themselves well and "fit" all the year round by taking these pills from time to time. When you require a tonic aperient, try this remedy and you will join with many thousands in declaring that Beecham's Pills

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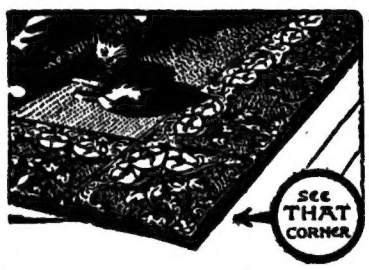
Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).



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form such an amazingly beautiful finish to this durable floor covering that no home is perfect without it. Here you have a floor material as richly effective as an expensive carpet square, yet different to a carpet—it keeps good for many years, and gathers no dirt or dust.

Think how excellent this is for the home where there are children whose health must be carefully considered, and what a boon Li-nola is to the housewife who wishes to study economy as well as beauty.

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Let us show Li-nola to you either by means of our book of designs, or here if you will call. Neither way finds you importuned to buy. We wish to show Li-nola to you so that you can say and see that it stands alone among beautiful floor coverings.

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Yds.	Yds.		J Quality		Price
3	by 3½	(including	£1 3 8	...	£1 [illegible]
3	by 4	border)	1 7 0	...	1 [illegible]
3½	by 4	,,	1 11 6	...	1 [illegible]
4	by 4	,,	1 16 0	...	2 [illegible]

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